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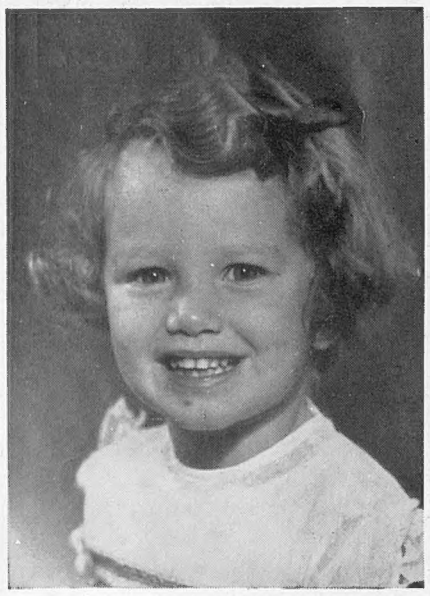

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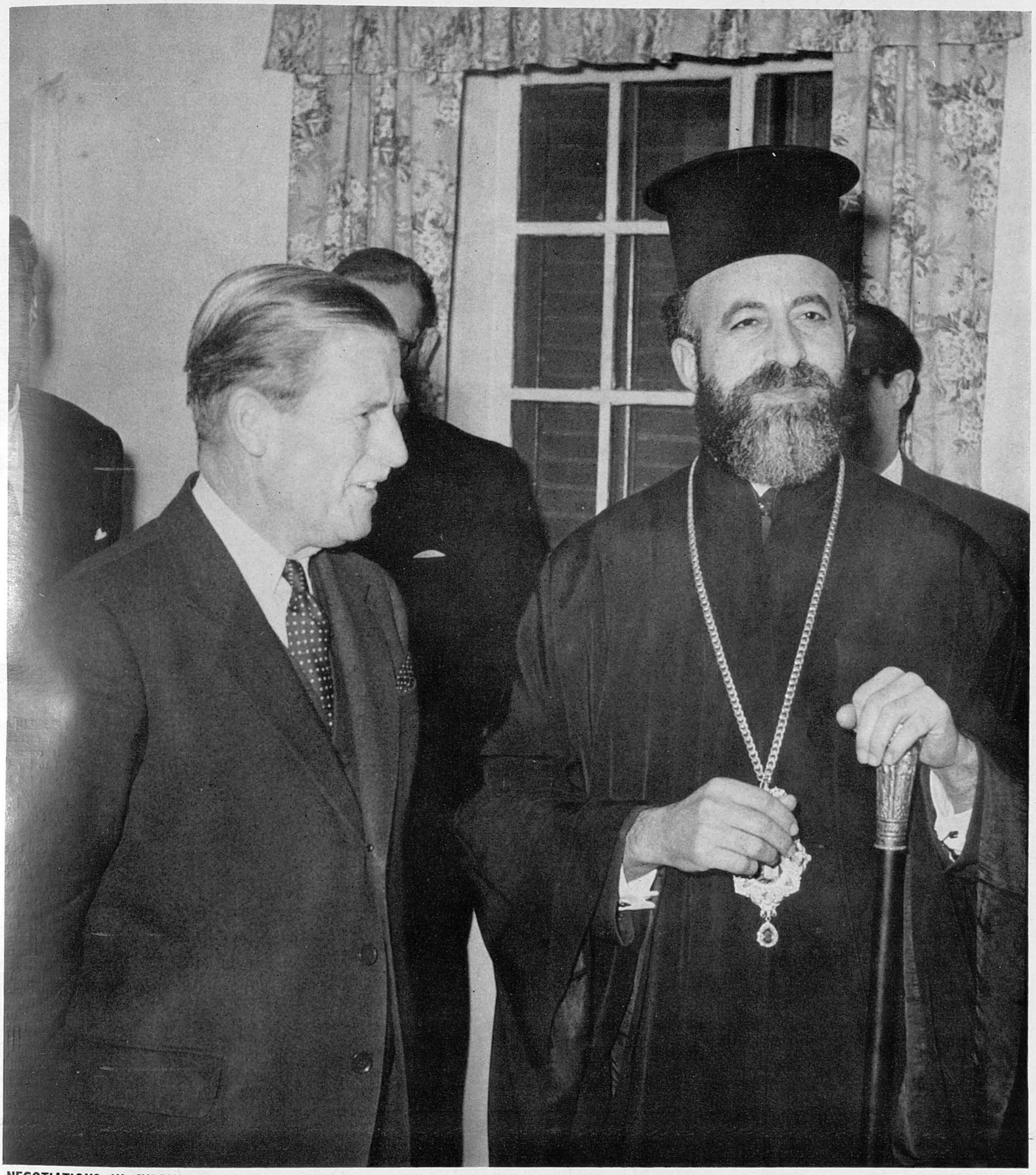
The SPHERE, London, January 21, 1956

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC



NEGOTIATIONS IN CYPRUS—FIELD-MARSHAL HARDING AND ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS MEET AGAIN AS THE "TRUCE" TALKS REACH THEIR MOST CRUCIAL STAGE: The Governor of Cyprus, Field-Marshal Sir John Harding, is seen with Archbishop Makarios, the leader of the Enosis (union with Greece) movement before their talks in Nicosia last week-end. These were resumed when it was learned that the Enosis leaders were prepared to consider self-government for Cyprus.

The negotiations which have been patiently conducted by Field-Marshal Sir John Harding since he took office as Governor of Cyprus three months ago reached a critical stage last week-end. It was believed that Archbishop Makarios and the ethnarchy which he heads were prepared to make an important concession in their demand. Hitherto the Enosis movement has sought union with Greece, and nothing else; last week it was prepared to accept self-government for Cyprus before the island achieves the right to determine its future. The length of this interregnum of self-government is now the outstanding issue. Meanwhile the parties have given unmistakable signs of their intentions. The British Government has in effect declared Cyprus to be the base for a considerable strategic reserve vital to British and N.A.T.O. interests in the Middle East. The Turkish population of Cyprus has shown, by its reaction to the murder of a Turkish policeman, that it will oppose Greek rule with violence. And the Eoka terrorists continue to display little regard for the lives of their opponents. (Further aspects of the Cyprus crisis are shown on pages 84-85 and 109.)

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A PORTRAIT FOR OXFORD

A FINAL SITTING FOR THE FORMER BISHOP OF LONDON: Dr. Wand is seated by the portrait as the artist, Mr. H. Andrew Freeth, puts the final touches to it. The painting will hang in St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, where Dr. Wand was an undergraduate fifty years ago. It has been commissioned by the Old Members' Association of the Hall. The Bishop, who is seventy-one next week, retired from the See of London at the end of last year and has been appointed a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's.

A VISIT TO ENGLAND

INDONESIA'S FOREIGN MINISTER VISITS AN OXFORD MUSEUM DURING HIS STAY IN ENGLAND : Dr. Ide Anak Agung Gde Agung is conducted on a tour of the Ashmolean Museum by the Keeper, Dr. K. T. Parker. Indonesia's Minister for Foreign Affairs came to Britain as a guest of the Government. In addition to attending several receptions, he met the Prime Minister and Britain's Foreign Minister, for discussions on political and economic questions.

U.N. DELEGATES IN LONDON

BACK FROM THE UNITED NATIONS MEETING IN NEW YORK : Mr. Michael Mariano, the representative of the National United Front in British Somaliland, and Sultan Bihi Momeen, from the Ogaden, are seen together at a Press conference in London after their arrival. Mr. Mariano had presented a petition to the United Nations against the handing over of the Haud and the reserved areas of Somaliland to Ethiopia by the British Government under a treaty signed in 1897. Sultan Bihi Momeen is from the territory under dispute, and is a member of the delegation.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Prizes for Non-Production.—When I heard over the air the U.S. President's new plan for checking farm surpluses, I imagined it was a reading from Gilbert's operas or *Alice in Wonderland,* slipped in by mistake. Then I assumed that election year in the United States would naturally evoke stunts as rare and curious. Then I remembered that we in Britain are perhaps not fully qualified to throw stones at bonuses granted for less productivity. In a small way, we are become accustomed to the modern fashion. But then again I thought of Boyd-Orr, and the other wizards who paint the picture of half our world starving and universal famine round the corner for the whole world. Fancy paying handsome bonuses to farmers who let their fields grow weeds ! A night's reflection and the wisdom of next morning's papers put a different complexion on the bare pronouncement. There is something in it, something even which might influence a Presidential election. In fifteen years American farm production has risen by nearly a half while the labour force has fallen by one fifth. Good seasons and generous price-supports in America created vast surpluses which even the Marshall Plan could not reduce to economic proportions, and to-day the cost of storage threatens to bankrupt even the world's richest Government. This proposal is not the first effort to control surpluses. Cotton has for years been controlled in production, but still surpluses of all kinds increase. Giving them away seems a reasonable and logical way out in a world of have-not nations, but in a world of keen international trade rivalry, charity gets the name of "dumping," and America strives within reason to be a good neighbour and world citizen. The President's plan is designed to avoid the charge of dumping, and so to reduce surpluses to bearable proportions as to preserve the existing labour force in the States to be available to resume the all-out effort to produce, when the present glut has been cleared.

Henri and Adolphe.—Sir Anthony Eden has certainly of late been very freely and frankly criticised in the Conservative Press, and at a time when he is in great need of encouragement. But it is fair to say that criticism is often intended as a stimulant and is sometimes given to those from whom much is confidently expected. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth and scourgeth those sons whom He receiveth. There may lie a charge of impatience against his critics, impatience at the slow progress of matters requiring attention to which nine months ago he set his hand ; but not, I think, of a vendetta of vilification. For most people accept the unluckiness of the intervention of unforeseeable events and conventional, if seasonal, trivialities, not to speak of beastly evidence of indiscipline of hotheads and students all over the world. In all this I am reminded of the analogy of Nina Jesson and the first Mrs. Jesson in Pinero's *His House in Order.* Hilary Jesson (of the Foreign Office), related to the Ridgeleys, who so bitterly criticised Nina, the tragic story of two cooks in a famous kitchen in the Rue de Chaillot. Henri had been succeeded by Adolphe. Adolphe, earnest and not unintelligent, might well have ended by filling Henri's shoes adequately, but for . . . the lack of a little encouragement. But in vain did Adolphe prepare his *Oreilles d'Agneau.* They were tolerable, but not Henri's. He tried his hand at *Canard en Chemise.* It was passable but . . . you recollect Henri's ! And so day after day poor Adolphe had dinned into his ears the virtues of Henri, and his end was melancholy. Translate Rue de Chaillot into Downing Street and the two chefs will fall into their places with appropriate names of living statesmen. In the parable of the chefs, the blame all falls on impatient and critical gourmets. The dice are even more heavily weighted against Sir Anthony succeeding Sir Winston. Events early in his occupation of the kitchen have forced him to turn out nothing but trifles and sauces. He has had too little opportunity to try his hand at roast beef and steaks—which might have pleased the gourmets. I hope for his sake, and for all our sakes, that he can now get down to the solid business of cooking—good English plain fare—and be no longer compelled to concern himself with the trifles which Cabinet shuffles and the New Year ceremonial bring. For it is fair to the critics to say that in times as grave as these, frills and trifles make a disappointing meal. Red meat is the thing.

Signs of Reaction.—Sir Anthony has taken note of that and already has given us signs that he does not intend to allow the analogy of Henri and Adolphe to work out in the English Rue de Chaillot. And, if that be so, the critics among his supporters, *had something.* We may still in some sort be "Two Nations," but the England of *Lothair* is a museum-piece, and I think there is no one in the land to whom it is more important, in these days of self-conscious "democracy and equality," to avoid waving small red rags before the bull of Opposition, and to concentrate on issues of national importance for a vast majority of the country. And already there are faint signs that "by creek and inlet making comes silent, flooding in the main." The housewife learns that a few of her necessary commodities are slightly reduced in price. The householder discovers from his District Council that his new rating assessment is not so black as fancy painted it, and that a grain of social justice may come his way at last. Hope raises its head again in the plague spot of Cyprus, and Sir Anthony is off to concert measures with Mr. Eisenhower to lower the temperature in the Middle East. One bold motor-car company has dared to reject, without mincing words, one more "substantial increase" for its workers, even suggesting that the next divide of the cake is due to those who buy the cars and so keep the workers employed. Perhaps the time for courage, leadership and plain speaking is a little nearer than seemed likely at Christmas.

A Bird in Hand . . .—Many a writer who would prefer to turn out novels has found that the economics of the age make it necessary for him to marry the younger sister of the trade—journalism. She is *steadier* as a life partner. The average journalist may not earn super-tax figures, but what he receives is paid on the nail and regularly paid, and can be spread to dodge Mr. Bloodsucker's cruellest bites. And many a competent or prolific novelist might tell you in confidence that over the years a novel a year has earned him not more than £800 p.a., and probably less. Therefore, the exceptional prizes of novel-writing are more incredible than encouraging to others to strive for them. A little bird in hand is, for bare daily existence, worth a golden eagle in a bush. The records, of course, come from America. The glittering prizes of the few novelists who attain them are linked to the film. "Books of the Month" may reap their thousands. Hollywood patronage (and editing) counts in millions. Even so, it is a little surprising to learn that so far *Gone with the Wind* has earned the film industry £12,000,000 in America and Canada alone. On that figure, the original author's insignificant royalty (which must be presumed) would add up to a cosy cheque. The author of *The Robe,* with a royalty on a figure half as large, probably still keeps the wolf from the door and Mr. Bloodsucker's bailiff from the parlour. But I fancy the average British novelist is not likely to let the bird in his hand go and grasp for the golden eagle, after gulping down these astronomical figures.

City of Lost Causeways.—For thirty years or so, the innumerable authorities concerned have explored avenues for some means of relieving the appalling congestion of traffic through Oxford. Of late years the waiting world has almost been persuaded that an avenue had been found—the latest from the foot of Headington Hill to St. Giles's, with a relief road south of the Isis. The Minister concerned, Mr. Sandys, informed the City Council last October that he approved that route and the Council reluctantly accepted it. Now the Council is split again, exactly in half, and wishes to postpone the public inquiry due

A MEDAL FOR SIR WINSTON

BRITAIN'S FORMER PRIME MINISTER RECEIVES THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN MEDAL IN LONDON : Sir Winston Churchill is seen receiving the medal from Mr. Joseph S. Clark, a former Mayor of Philadelphia. It commemorates the 250th anniversary of Franklin's birth, and has been awarded to Sir Winston as the man who has made the greatest contribution during the past ten years to international understanding. In the centre is Sir Jacob Epstein, who designed the medal, as well as another which is to be presented to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. The presentation was made at Benjamin Franklin House, Craven Street, Strand.

on February 1. It argues that it cannot sponsor before the inquiry a plan which half its body now rejects for the old Christchurch Meadows route. So what? So when? If you tot up all the authorities and interests in the university city, whose views must be heard and whose goodwill must be won, you may feel that a further delay of six months is no great matter. A thousand years in Oxford's sight are but as yesterday, and I can well believe that in the year 2000 the High will be as easily distinguished from the Broad as it will be on any summer day in 1956.

Saving Our Bacon.—I wonder how the Baconians view the possibility of opening a sixteenth-century tomb in order to find proof that Marlowe wrote the works attributed to Bacon. They would no doubt be glad to be assured—if indeed they need assurance—that at any rate the man of Stratford (of whom nothing is known) did not write them, but with so many aspirants for Shakespeare's spurious honours in the field, they can hardly welcome a new competitor, least of all one presumed murdered before all those works were written. That Shakespeare admired and was influenced by Marlowe, most critics, above all, Swinburne, have long admitted. Shakespeare admitted it in two pregnant lines in *As You Like It*. But that admission rather disproves than confirms the new Marlowe theory. For if Marlowe was the man for the job, he would hardly have descended thus to boost himself under an alias, nor perhaps so flagrantly re-used his own plots, as in the *Jew of Malta* and *The Merchant of Venice*. Shakespeare controversy remains unique in that it totally rejects and neglects the many and formidable advantages accepted by lawyers as belonging to "the man in possession." Shakespeare is the man in possession of Shakespeare's works. If little or nothing is known of his life and career in detail, if his will is a sorry disappointment, the tributes of his great contemporaries and the labours of his fellow-actors are there for all to note, to pin-point and identify him beyond reasonable doubt. Good enough for the lawyers. But not good enough for the romantics, to whom possession is not nine-tenths but less than 1 per cent. of the Law. And so successful have they been, as the works of Mr. Roderick Eagle and many other worthy sleuths have shown, that in this unique affair of Shakespeare, the most convincing case can be made out for claiming the possession for another, for half a dozen others—always provided the nine-tenths advantages of the man-in-possession are expunged and the remaining one-tenth romantically and imaginatively exploited in favour of the suitor. Accepting that principle as equitable, I can almost be persuaded that any contemporary of Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare from, Queen Elizabeth, Bacon or Marlowe downwards or upwards.

New Planet.—M. Rigaux, astronomer of Brussels, last week felt like John Keats or Cortes when a new planet swam into his ken between Mars and Jupiter. This probably is the last planet which will be discovered by the old-fashioned method of the telescope. The space-ship will make possible the much more satisfactory discovery of new planets by personal contact. The naming of this new planet requires special care and thought. Pluto, the last to be discovered and named, was called after the God of Hell. That was in 1930, and the name was well chosen. M. Rigaux's, the tenth planet, is debarred from its most appropriate name. Mercury, the god of swift aerial flight and of commerce and financial gain, who also is the guide to Hell, is already identified with a minor planet. Perhaps we shall have to seek for a name outside Olympus, the choice of Eirene being rather too presumptuous. Babel might do. It suits the language of the scientists, according to Professor Priestley.

Fairyland.—The Press symposium on pretty place-names was rewarding, and I sympathise with the correspondent who regretted the removal at Terwick, West Sussex, of the sign "to Fairyland." It so happens that I live at Terwick and my road ends abruptly at the entrance to Fairyland, which, at certain seasons of the year and under the best conditions, still does not entirely belie its name. I am sorry he missed it without the help of the old sign. That sign has been replaced by a number of rather cabalistic signs set out most week-ends. Our Fairyland has become a rallying-point for motor-cycling clubs and all day long they roar by, guided by their signs, to a Fairyland of petrol fumes, explosions and sparking-plug talk. In short, our Fairyland has been rationalised, to suit and fit the tastes of this mechanical age of scientific progress, and the older fairies have moved. I don't know where. But there is a dangerous quarry near by, now a dump for old bedsteads, tins and cabbage-stalks, and we are thinking of re-erecting the old Terwick sign "to Fairyland" on the lip of this crater. We hope it may serve a useful purpose and perhaps relieve congestion at our old Fairyland.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

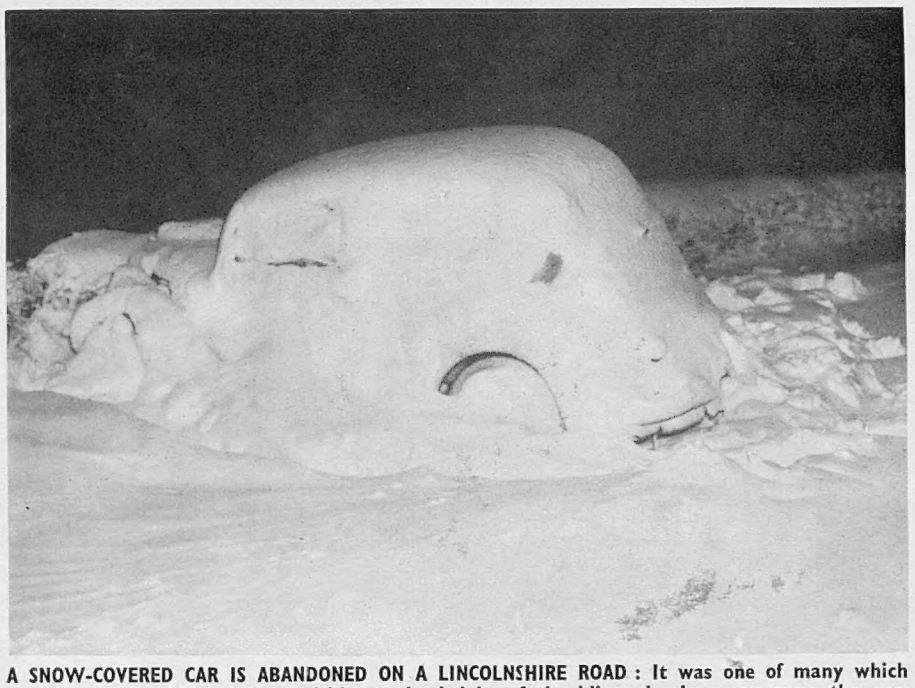
HOUSES THAT GO WITH THE JOB

Some of London's Most Attractive Residences are "Tied"

Article and Sketches by BARBARA JONES

Photographs by W. G. DAVIS

SNOW SWEEPS ACROSS BRITAIN'S EAST COAST COUNTIES



A SNOW-COVERED CAR IS ABANDONED ON A LINCOLNSHIRE ROAD: It was one of many which had to be left at the roadside at the height of the blizzard. In many cases the cars were abandoned after they had slipped into ditches, due to the icy conditions.

TREMENDOUS SNOW-DRIFTS STOP TRAFFIC IN LINCOLNSHIRE: An abandoned lorry partially buried in the deep snow is about to be passed by other vehicles on the Market Rasen-Louth Road, where a snow-plough has cleared a way for single-line traffic. On this particular occasion a snow and ice barrier extended along the eastern seaboard from the Thames Estuary to John o'Groats. The Automobile Association reported that there were "Arctic driving conditions" in about twenty counties in Eastern England and Scotland. Snow was particularly heavy in Lincolnshire, Durham, Northumberland and the East Riding of Yorkshire. (Further pictures from Lincolnshire are on page 113.)

Below—

A TELEGRAPH-POLE BLOCKS A YORKSHIRE ROAD: It was blown down on the Wetwang-Driffield Road as the blizzard swept across the Wolds.

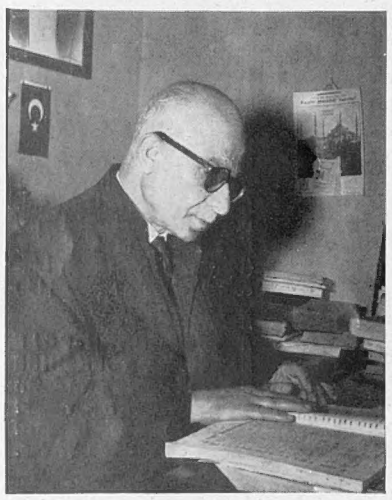
THE CRISIS IN CYPRUS

The Turkish Population Vents its Anger Against Greek Cypriots; and the British Government Builds New Installations for its Strategic Base

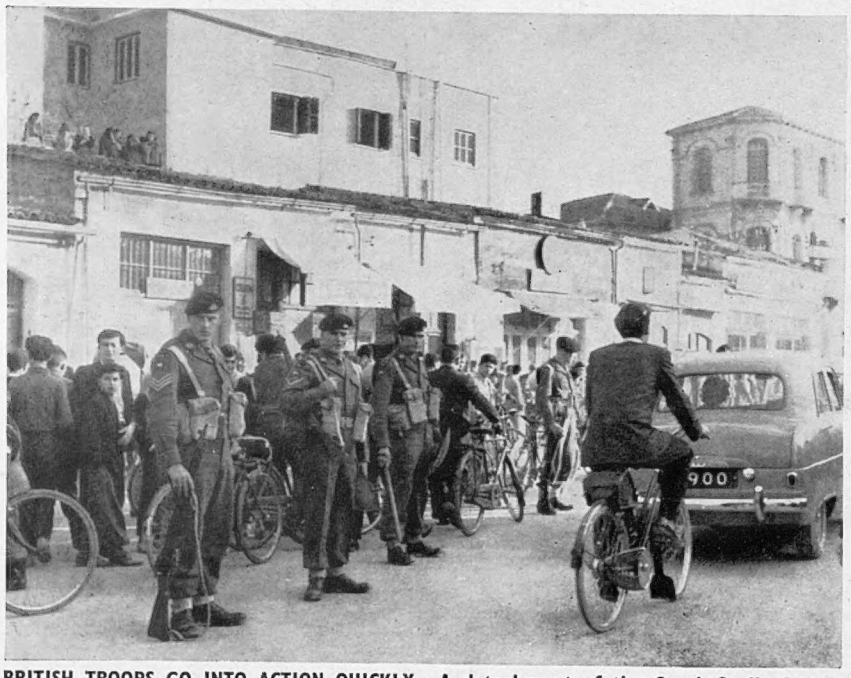
When a Turkish sergeant in the Cyprus Police Force was murdered early last week the large Turkish community in Cyprus reacted violently. Demonstrations against the Greek Cypriot terrorists responsible for the murder revealed an anger which the Turkish minority on the island has not hitherto shown. These demonstrations, which fortunately did not end in bloodshed, were particularly difficult to prevent in view of the fact that a large proportion of the Cyprus Police Force is composed of Turks. The spontaneous outburst of anger in Cyprus, and the violent anti-Greek reactions in Turkey, make it clear that forcible Cypriot union with Greece would bring with it international conflict and possibly inter-racial bloodshed on a considerable scale.

Last week also the British Government brought into operation its old plan to turn Cyprus into a formidable base for the Middle East. The despatch of two Parachute battalions and one more infantry battalion have brought the forces in Cyprus well up to divisional strength. At the same time it was announced that the Middle East Air Force, based on Cyprus, will henceforth control some 2,500,000 sq. miles, including units in Jordan, Iraq and Libya in the Levant, and in Kenya, Aden, Pakistan and the Persian Gulf in the south and east. To cope with this task, the greatest undertaken by any R.A.F. overseas command, a new headquarters is being built in the south of the island at Episkopi, near Limassol, and a large airfield at Akrotiri is under construction. When the last British troops return from the Suez Canal Zone to Cyprus next April there will be some 20,000 soldiers, airmen and marines in Cyprus, a clear indication of Britain's intention to stay.

TURKISH ANGER IS ROUSED: Carrying their national flag, Turkish demonstrators gather in the village square at Lourounjina, fifteen miles south-east of Nicosia, following the murder by Greek terrorists of a Turkish policeman.

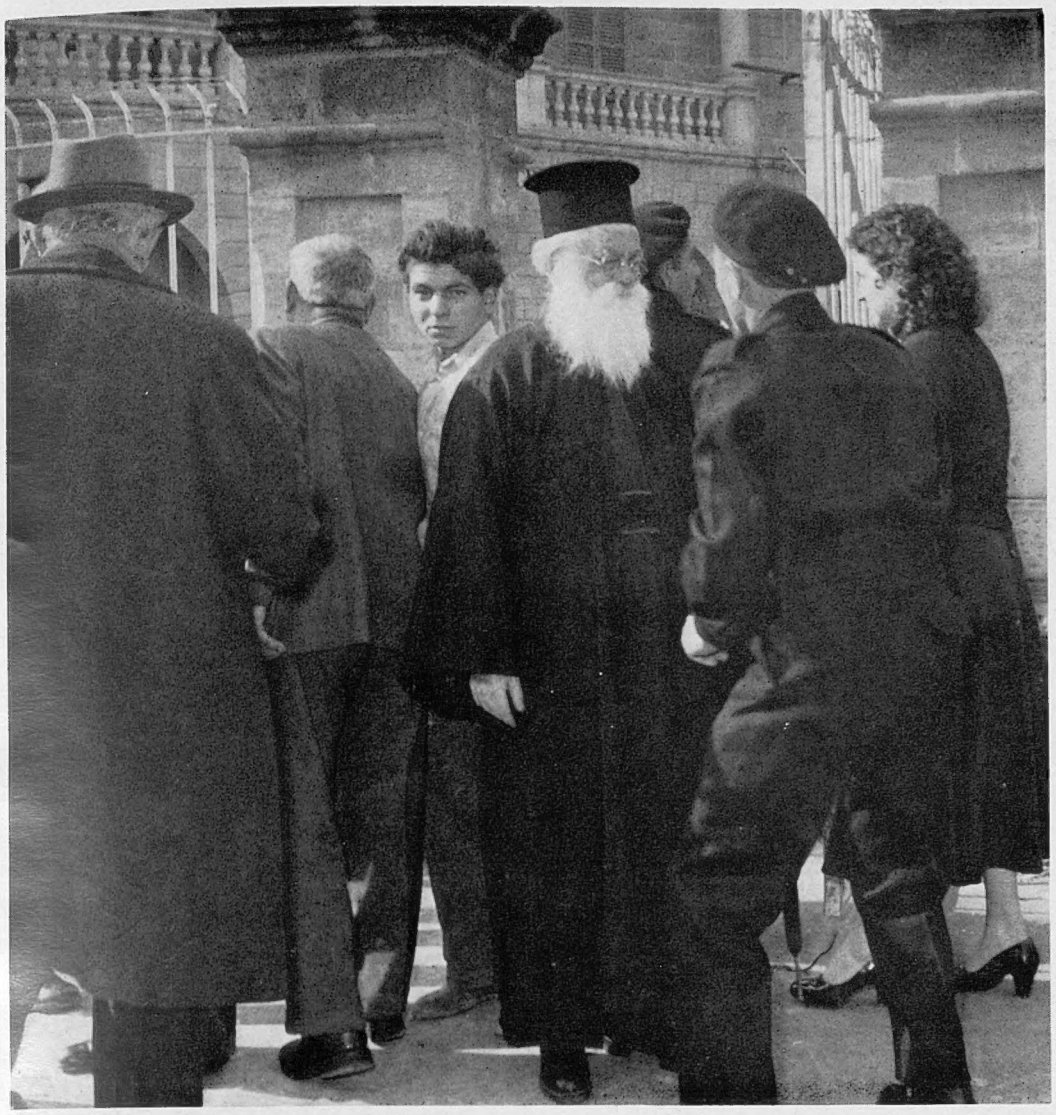


THE TURKS IN CYPRUS CAN ORGANISE LIKE THE GREEKS: *On left* is Dana Mufti Effendi, the religious leader of the Turks in the island. *On right*—The Volcan group, an organisation of young Turkish extremists, begin their parade through Nicosia.

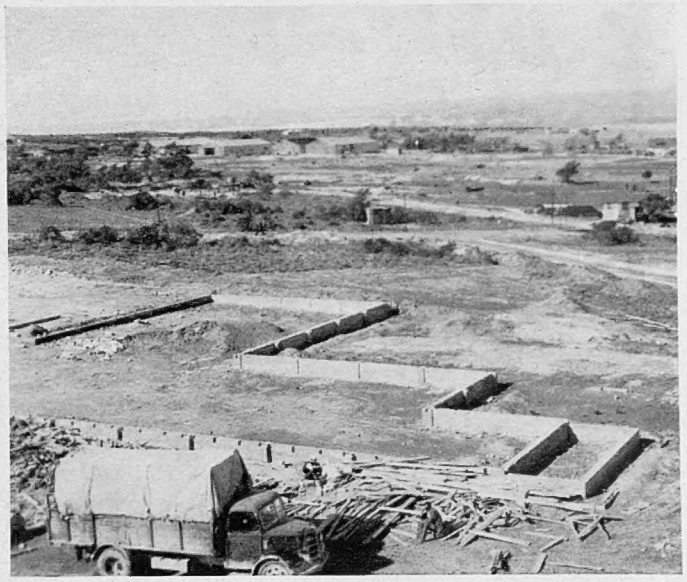


BRITISH TROOPS GO INTO ACTION QUICKLY: A detachment of the South Staffordshire Regiment arrived soon after the first anti-Greek demonstrations began. Here they are seen throwing a cordon round a section of the Turkish quarter of Nicosia.

THE POLITICAL LEADER OF THE TURKS COMES INTO HIS OWN: Dr. M. Fazil Kouchouk, who is leader of the "Cyprus is Turkish" party, gives a rousing address to the demonstrators who had gathered under the Turkish banner outside his party headquarters in Nicosia.

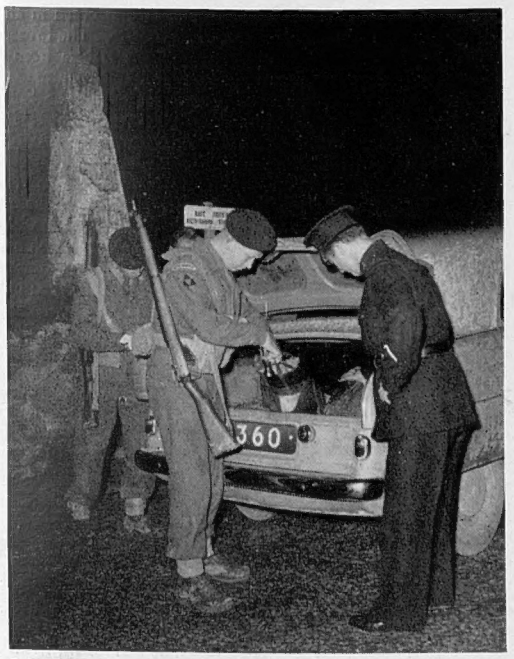


ANTI-TERRORIST MEASURES CONTINUE : A member of the Cyprus Security Forces searches a priest during a spot check in a Nicosia street. *On left*—On a lonely stretch of road two soldiers of the Royal Norfolk Regiment use a torch to examine the contents of a cyclist's bag. Despite the precautions that are being taken by troops and civilians British soldiers continue to lose their lives to the terrorists : the thirteenth was killed last week-end.



A NEW AIRFIELD ON CYPRUS FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE : Flat country surrounds the site of the new R.A.F. aerodrome which is now being built at Akrotiri, in the Limassol area of southern Cyprus.

WHERE THE ENLARGED MIDDLE EAST AIR FORCE HEADQUARTERS ARE BEGINNING TO FUNCTION : Some of the married quarters on the site of the new airfield. Reorganisation which was announced last week makes Cyprus the centre of Middle East air activity.



POLICE AND TROOPS IN A THANKLESS ROLE : Two men of the Royal Norfolks and a constable of the Cyprus police examine the boot of a vehicle.

THE R.A.F.'S NEW AIRFIELD IS ALREADY PARTIALLY IN USE : Workmen dig cable and drainage ditches alongside one of the runways on the Akrotiri airstrip. The largest runway will be 3,000 yards long, and part of it is in use. The airfield will be completed by next year. Middle East Air Force headquarters will now control stations as far away as Pakistan.

IN THE OLD TOWN : All Saints' Street is one of the principal thoroughfares in the area of closely-packed buildings which comprises the Old Town of Hastings. Some of the houses are timber-framed and others are medieval. Great efforts are being made by the local people to preserve the Old Town.

On right—

HISTORIC STABLES : In these early eighteenth-century buildings in High Street, the Duke of Wellington (then Sir Arthur Wellesley) stabled his horses during the early years of the Napoleonic Wars. The Hastings Old Town Preservation Society is planning to rent them from the Corporation and use them as a cultural centre.

A LATE-REGENCY CRESCENT : Pelham Crescent is a charming example of the late-Regency period, with its tall bow windows and light iron terraces. In the centre is the colonnade of the Church of St. Mary in the Castle. The Crescent is not in the Old Town, but is an example of the many architectural attractions of Hastings which have been added in more recent years.

PRESERVING OLD HASTINGS

Local Opinion is Rallying to Preserve the Historic Buildings of the Cinque Port

Hastings is one of the best-known of English place-names. The head of the Cinque Ports has many historical associations besides the famous battle of 1066. The local people take pride in the past and are determined to preserve as much as possible of their borough's ancient monuments and buildings.

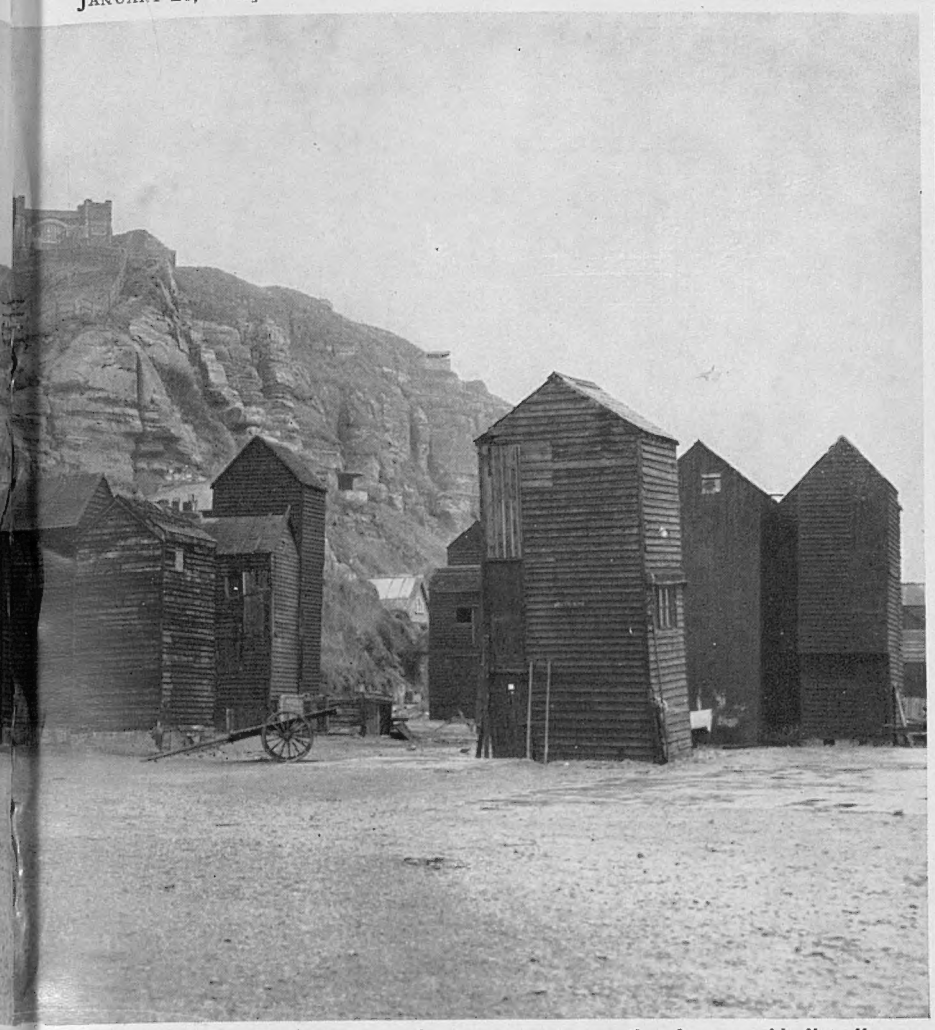
In this connection, the Hastings Old Town Preservation Society deserves special mention. As its name implies, its purpose is with the Old Town, that area of red-tiled roofs packed tightly between the East and West Hills. The Society is an independent organisation, the membership of which is confined to local inhabitants. But, needless to say, it works in the closest co-operation with the local authorities.

A current example of its enterprise is to be found in its plan for the stables in the High Street. In these red-brick buildings of early eighteenth-century construction, the Duke of Wellington once kept his horses. The time was during the first years of the nineteenth century. Sir Arthur Wellesley, as he then was, had already established his reputation in his Indian campaigns. He had become M.P. for near-by Rye and was passing through the interim period, as it were, before his genius blossomed in all its splendour as the Conqueror of Bonaparte. The Preservation Society is proposing to rent the stables from the Corporation and turn them into a cultural centre.

This scheme is typical of many which the Society has undertaken or proposes. Briefly, its object is to raise funds for the preservation or maintenance of all that is worthwhile in the area with which it is concerned. And it has an abundance of treasure to which it can devote its energies. To take a few instances, there are Decorated St. Clement's Church (where Dante Gabriel Rossetti married Elizabeth Siddall) and the Church of All Saints, which although largely Perpendicular in construction, contains some traces of Norman work. Then in the narrow streets many of the houses are of Tudor date or of the timber design which at one time was popular in this part of the South Coast.

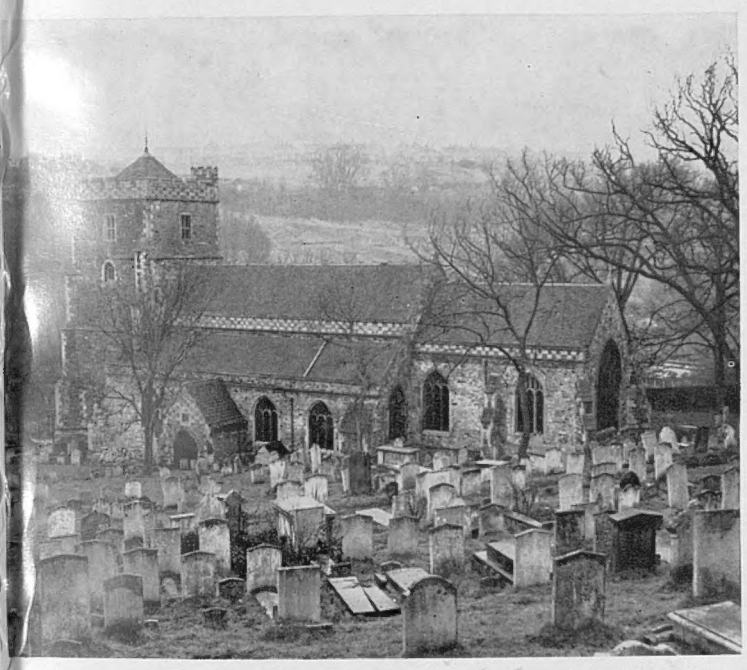
But the architectural delights of Hastings are by no means confined to the Old Town. The Castle, begun either by William the Conqueror or by Robert, Count of Eu, dominates the borough. Along the seafront is the charming late-Regency Pelham Crescent, with its tall bow-windowed houses with light iron balconies, and, in the middle of them, the Church of St. Mary in the Castle. Little shops by the shore, the famous Net Houses on the beach, the fishing boats lying on the sand, all of them contribute to the attractions of Hastings.

No one to-day would agree with Charles Lamb in abusing "the detestable Cinque Port . . . a fugitive resort." Combined with St. Leonards it is a popular holiday centre. But although much of their livelihood must now depend on visitors, the Hastings people are ensuring that their town shall not lose its historic and traditional character.



ON THE FORESHORE : The black wooden structures are the famous old Net Houses, in which generations of Hastings fishermen have hung their nets. Many of the houses need repair. On East Hill, behind, is the upper terminus of the East Hill lift.

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH : It is chiefly of the Decorated period, although some of the windows are Perpendicular. It is one of the churches in Hastings Old Town. A cannon ball repeatedly lodged in its tower during the Napoleonic Wars.



On left—
THE OLD WITH A BACKGROUND OF THE NEW : All Saints' Church, in the Old Town of Hastings, is largely a work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. On the hill behind are some of the modern houses of the town.

On right—
SHOPS OF OLD TIMBER ARE IN A TRADITIONAL HASTINGS STYLE : They are built of wood, and although they are now placarded with modern advertisements they have looked for many years on the life of the inhabitants of the head of the Cinque Ports.

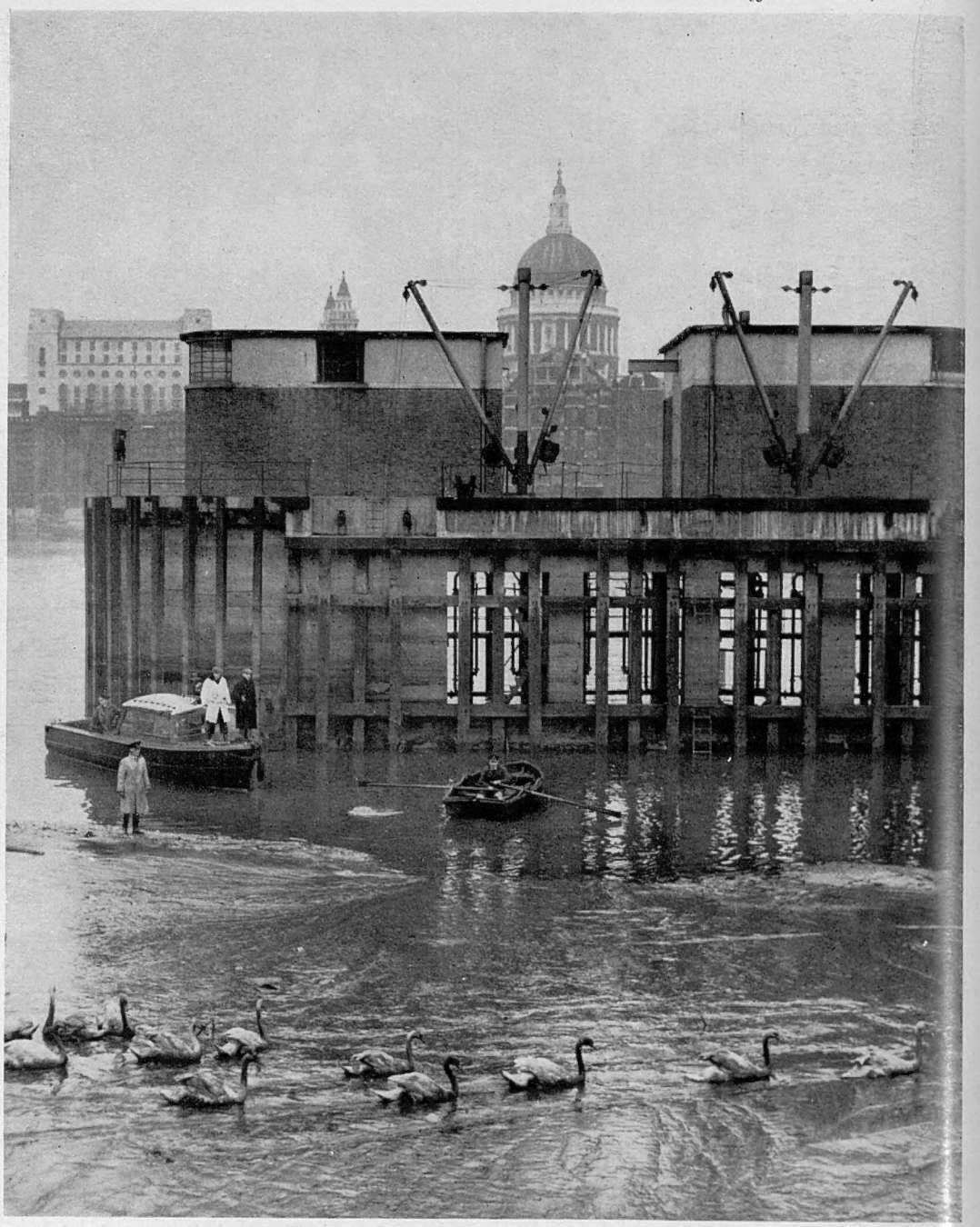
THE HOME OF THE FIRST WOMAN DOCTOR : In Rock House, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell died in 1910. Born in Bristol, she graduated as M.D. in New York in 1849, and was placed on the British Medical Register in 1859.

BOATS OF THE FISHING FLEET : They are lying on the beach. Hastings is well known for its fishing industry and for its boat-building. The fishery is probably as old as the original town, which pre-dates William the Conqueror's invasion and may have been flourishing in the days of Alfred.

FROM DEVON TO LONDON

Recent Events Ranging from a New Scott Memorial in Plymouth to the Lord Mayor of London's Children's Party

A NEW MEMORIAL TO CAPTAIN SCOTT : An oak statue of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, Leader of the 1910-13 British Antarctic Expedition, was dedicated last Sunday and placed in the choir stalls of the parish church of St. Mark at Ford, near Plymouth. Captain Scott was once a choirboy in this same Devon church and his father was the first churchwarden. The statue was unveiled by Admiral Sir Mark Pizey, Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, and dedicated by the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Mortimer. The work was carved in oak by a young Plymouth sculptor, Mr. David Weeks. At the service of dedication the lessons were read by Mr. Peter Scott, the explorer's son, and by the Lord Mayor of Plymouth. Extracts from Captain Scott's letters were also read.



CRIPPLED SWANS ARE RESCUED FROM THE THAMES : Almost 200 swans and ducks had to be removed from the Thames last week when a barge carrying a 150-ton cargo of fuel oil sank at Nine Elms, Battersea. Some of the birds died before they could be attended to by the ambulance teams of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals and officials of the R.S.P.C.A. who co-operated with the River Police in the rescue work. A certain number were so badly contaminated that they had to be destroyed when taken from the river. More than sixty swans and nearly thirty ducks were taken to R.S.P.C.A. surgeries to have the oil-fuel removed and over thirty to the P.D.S.A. clinic at Ilford.

THE ADMIRAL IS "ROWED ASHORE" : Rear-Admiral C. L. G. Evans sitting in the stern of a whaler is "rowed ashore" by his officers on giving up his command at the Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth, where he has been Commodore for the last two years. While five senior officers toiled at the oars, petty officers of the ship's company pulled the wheeled boat along the roadway with ropes and brought the Admiral ashore to his new appointment.

On right—

A CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS PARTY AT THE MANSION HOUSE : The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London, Alderman and Mrs. Cuthbert Ackroyd, receive five-year-old Caroline Hodge, daughter of a City Councillor, as she arrives for the Children's Fancy Dress Party, which was held in the Egyptian Room. Some 600 children of the Diplomatic Corps and city officials attended the party.

THE SCHEME WHICH WILL CHANGE THE LIFE OF THE SOUTH ISLAND : The Roxburgh hydro-electric power project in Central Otago as seen looking downstream the River Clutha. In the foreground are the river diversion, the great dam and power station, and straddling the river, the spillway channels and control towers. Beyond, at right, are the works offices and yards, and on the left the Roxburgh Hydro township. This picture, and those on the following pages, are supplied by Aerofilms.

NEW ZEALAND'S BIGGEST HYDRO PROJECT

The £20,000,000 Electricity Scheme at Roxburgh, in the South Island, which Includes the Largest Single Dam in the Southern Hemisphere, is Scheduled to Produce its First Power in June

One of the phenomena of post-war New Zealand is the energy with which the search for electric power has been maintained. Although predominantly a farming nation, the people of New Zealand, possibly influenced by a powerful influx of immigrants in the past ten years, have realised that nowadays industrial output must supplement agricultural. To retain her place as a leading Pacific power New Zealand must have industries which can compete in the markets of the world.

There can, however, be no industries without electric power, and the New Zealand authorities have taken resolute steps to find and exploit the sources for such power. One such source is the Waikato River, in the North Island. Here the unlimited waters from Lake Taupo supply a chain of ten dams and generating stations described in THE SPHERE last July. Eventually this chain will produce 876,000 kilowatts, or more than a million horse-power of electricity.

The scheme on the fast-flowing Clutha River at Roxburgh, in the south of the South Island, is in many ways even more ambitious. It is true that the eventual production from the dam and generating station will be only 320,000 kilowatts ; but these will derive from only one dam, and will be as great as the product of any two of the Waikato dams put together.

The Roxburgh project is indeed a formidable one, and everything about it is a matter of superlatives. It is the largest single hydro-electric station ever attempted in New Zealand, and when completed the dam will rank as one of the biggest in the world. The power-house, stretching 500 ft. across the great Clutha River, will be the largest in the country, as will be the three 80-ton sluice gates controlling the spillway. Into the great dam, 1,400 ft. long and up to 190 ft. high, there will be poured 750,000 cub. yards of concrete, a total weight of about 1,500,000 tons.

All this will cost about £20,000,000, of which the civil engineering works alone will cost £13,000.000, The joint contractors for the dam and power station are the London builders Holland and Hannen and Cubitts, and the Geneva firm of Conrad Zschokke.

A welcome feature of the dam, when completed, will be its ability to contain flood-waters. It will, in fact, be controlling a water flow of 40,000,000,000 gallons a day, and will give a controlled output of 5,500,000 gallons a minute. But there was a time nearly eighty years ago when the Balclutha area of Central Otago was inundated by a flood estimated at 58,500,000,000 gallons : the finished dam could control flood-waters amounting to 75,000,000,000 a day.

The most difficult task on the whole project and the one that took longest was the diversion of the river. The Clutha is regarded as the biggest river in New Zealand. Certainly at Roxburgh it is extremely fast-flowing, due to the steep drop the waters make as they pass through the gorge just upstream of the dam. It is, incidentally, interesting to note that in years gone by the river was rich in gold, and that special arrangements had to be made before work on the project began, which vested any mining rights in the New Zealand Government, and not in the contractors.

From the end of 1947 to July 1954 the work of diverting the river was carried out. To make the necessary " cut " the engineers had to use gelignite to blast a way through the solid hillside rock. This was a formidable task, made all the more difficult by the extremes of climate experienced in Central Otago : intense heat in the summer and extreme cold in winter.

Once the river diversion was completed, the work of building the dam and power-house went on swiftly. There will eventually be eight generators working at Roxburgh, but the engineering side of the project will be completed when four have been installed, cavities being left for the remainder. The first two generators are expected to be working early next year, and the first four should be giving electricity production by 1958.

The technical achievements of the Roxburgh project are by no means the only ones to note. No less impressive is the organisation that has gone into accommodating and caring for the workers on the site and their families. There are about 1,000 workers employed on the project and they come from no fewer than twenty-five countries. They and their families live in the township of Roxburgh Hydro, near the dam, and with its population of over 3,500 it is the biggest town in Central Otago.

Roxburgh Hydro is, of course, a temporary town, for few of the workers are likely to be required after 1958. This is reflected in the buildings, which resemble

(*Continued on following page*)

THE ROXBURGH DAM UNDER CONSTRUCTION : At left is the diverted River Clutha, which runs into the spillway channels, through the spillway entrance with its control towers. From these the dam runs straight across to the opposite hillside, a distance of 1,400 ft. In the foreground, at right, are the foundations and framework for the power plant's sub-station.

NEW ZEALAND'S BIGGEST HYDRO PROJECT

(*Continued from previous page*)

Army huts. But on the opposite side of the river there are the beginnings of a permanent village for those who will have to operate the great power station. Here there are fine modern bungalows, mostly of red brick, each situated in its own pleasant and spacious grounds.

Yet there is nothing temporary about the interior of the houses in Roxburgh Hydro, for these reflect the prosperity of the workers on the site. The rent is nominal, and the charge for electricity is 1s. 6d. a week. All maintenance is done in the works' carpenter's shop.

THE BIGGEST TOWN IN CENTRAL OTAGO : That is what Roxburgh Hydro, the township in which those working on the project live with their families, has become in five years. It has a population of 3,500, and a birth-rate of 250 a year. In the foreground is fine irrigated pastureland. Beyond the hutted township is the river and the dam, and in the distance the steep Roxburgh gorge.

In the middle of the town there is a shopping centre, in which are to be found everything that may be generally required. Two grocer's shops, a fishmonger, butcher and greengrocer provide for the needs of the housewife ; a chemist, hairdresser, tobacconist and shoe shop cater for additional amenities ; while a dentist and a bank provide their essential services. There is a cinema in the town which can accommodate 1,500 people, and where the programmes are changed five times a week. The only thing that seems to be lacking in Roxburgh Hydro is a public-house : dam workers have to go to Roxburgh itself, four miles away, for a drink on licensed premises. But Roxburgh Hydro has a tearoom and a milkbar.

One unusual feature of this thriving township is the large number of children there. There is an extraordinarily high birth-rate of 250 a year. For the younger children there is a fine kindergarten, and for more than 500 of the older ones there is a school which is claimed to be one of the best-equipped schools in New Zealand. Curiously enough the temporary nature of the township led to this : while ordinary schools have time to develop, and build up their equipment gradually, the Roxburgh Hydro school had to have everything in the shortest possible time. So it is that each of the fourteen classrooms has a radio set, while cinema projectors, sewing machines, pianos and a full range of physical education equipment are available to Roxburgh Hydro's children.

It is fitting that so much care and expense should be lavished on the young. For the Roxburgh hydro-electric scheme is essentially a project of the future. The children at Roxburgh Hydro's schools to-day will reap the benefit of the work of their fathers for many years to come. It is a benefit that will accrue, not only to South Island, but to New Zealand as a whole.

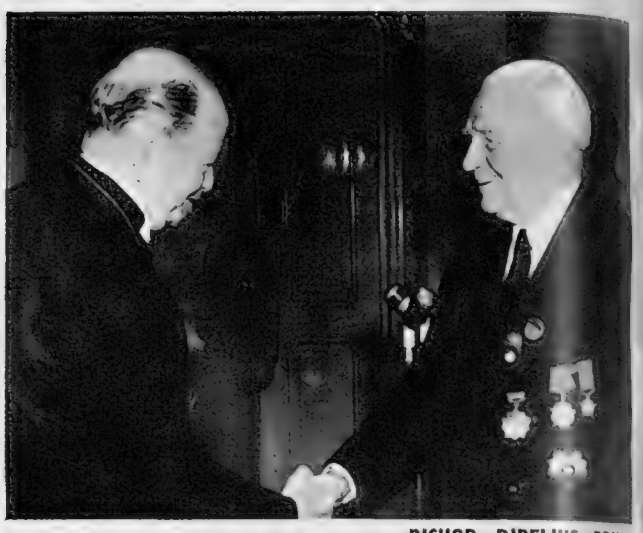
WHERE 320,000 KILOWATTS WILL BE PRODUCED WHEN THE ROXBURGH PROJECT HAS BEEN FINALLY COMPLETED : An oblique view of the focal-point of the hydro-electric scheme. In the foreground are the earthworks which have been thrown across the Clutha to divert the river. They are connected to the far bank by Bailey bridge. Behind the earthworks rises the dam, with the power-house beneath it. Beyond are the spillway channels, control towers and the beginnings of the sub-station.

MAN AND NATURE COMBINE TO MAKE AN IMPRESSIVE PANORAMA OF THE ROXBURGH LANDSCAPE : This aerial view from above the Hydro township looks upstream the River Clutha. On the left are the offices and hutments from which the construction work on the dam and power station are controlled. They are linked with the opposite shore by one of the biggest Bailey bridges in New Zealand. The road on the right bank leads to the railhead at Roxburgh Station, where supplies of cement arrive.

FOCUS ON WORLD AFFAIRS

A Pictorial Survey of the Foreign News from Europe, Asia, America and Australia

DIPLOMATIC ACTIVITY AT BONN : The West German President, Herr Theodor Heuss, is seen with some of his guests during the traditional New Year reception for the Diplomatic Corps, which was held last week at his home, the Villa Hammerschmidt. President Heuss is in the centre, talking to Archbishop Muench, the Apostolic Nuncio. On right are the Federal Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, and Herr von Brentano, the Foreign Minister.



BISHOP DIBELIUS BRINGS BIRTHDAY GREETINGS TO BOTH ZONES OF A DIVIDED GERMANY : The nominal head of the Evangelical Church in Germany, Bishop Otto Dibelius, left, congratulates Herr Wilhelm Pieck, the East German President, on his eightieth birthday in East Berlin. On the following day the Bishop flew to Bonn to offer similar congratulations on behalf of the Evangelical Church to the West German Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, who is just two days younger than Herr Pieck. Bishop Dibelius, who is known for his staunch anti-Communist stand in Berlin, called on Herr Pieck with representatives of the Roman Catholic, Greek, Orthodox and Jewish communities. There were differences between the Bishop's advisers and the Communist-controlled East Berlin radio on the actual text of the greetings.

On right—

A MAU MAU "FIELD-MARSHAL" CAPTURED IN THE SWAMPS : Mbaria Kaniu, who was third in the Mau Mau hierarchy, is seen after his capture. He was one of forty Kenya Mau Mau leaders who were trapped in the papyrus swamp north of Lake Naivasha.

THE RELEASE OF THE TWO WELSH CLIMBERS : John Harrop, left, of Bangor, and Sidney Wignall, of Colwyn Bay, at a village in Northern India after their release by Chinese Communists. With them is the Nepalese liaison officer who was arrested with them last October. They were members of a Welsh mountaineering expedition in the Himalayas who had become separated from the main party. They were arrested in Tibet by Chinese troops, and were held in captivity for seven weeks. It then took them another twenty-seven days to cross the Himalayan mountain passes into the foothills of India.

TWO YEARS AT SEA ON BOARD A TREE-TRUNK : Frank Kubala, a twenty-nine-year-old Czechoslovak migrant to Australia, smiles happily on his arrival in Sydney Harbour. He had travelled the 2,000 miles round the east coast from Cooktown, in North Queensland, in his hollow log 30 ft. long, fitted with outriggers. Kubala says he fashioned the craft out of a kapok tree. The journey took two years to complete, but eighteen months of these were spent at various points on land in repairing damage to the vessel.

FAREWELL TO MISTINGUETT : Parisians throng the steps of the Madeleine Church as the coffin of Mistinguett is brought from the church after the funeral service. The funeral of the music-hall star, who became a legend long before she died earlier this month at the age of eighty-two, was as spectacular as any of the shows in which she had sung and danced in Paris since the '90's. Enormous wreaths were sent by colleagues and admirers. They were headed by one of white lilacs and pink roses from Maurice Chevalier, the star discovered by Mistinguett. The director of the Folies Bergère, M. Paul Derval, gave a funeral oration.

ASSASSINATION ON THEIR MINDS : Some of the defendants at the trial in Teheran of leading members of the terrorist Fedayan Islam (Crusaders for Islam) Party. In the front row, with the paper before him, is Khalil Tahmassebi, who is alleged to have assassinated General Ali Razmara, the Prime Minister, in 1951. Behind him, bearded, is Navab Safavi, the leader of the Party, who was accused of complicity and was sentenced to death. Also among the accused is the man who recently tried to assassinate the present Prime Minister.

THE STATE OF THE PRESIDENT : Mr. Eisenhower listens to a reporter's question during a Press conference at the Naval Air Base at Key West, Florida. Chief topic at the conference was the President's future. President Eisenhower said that it is too early for him to say whether he would be a candidate for the Presidential Election later this year : "My mind is not fixed," he told the Press. But a poll of twelve of the fourteen journalists who were present revealed that they believed Mr. Eisenhower had made up his mind—not to seek re-election.

On left—
BRITAIN'S LAST GOVERNOR IN BURMA IS FÊTED IN RANGOON : Sir Hubert Rance, garlanded and carrying a bouquet of flowers, walks hand in hand with the Burmese Premier U Nu, after arriving in Rangoon. Sir Hubert, who was Governor of Burma when the State achieved independence in 1947, was given an outstandingly friendly reception during his brief stay. He had come at the invitation of the Burmese Government, who, it is believed, wanted to dissociate themselves from some of the more virulent attacks made on Britain by Mr. Khrushchev when visiting Burma.

On right—
COMMUNIST CHINA AND BURMA SIGN A TRADE PACT : U Raschild, right, the Burmese Minister for Foreign Trade, signs with Mr. Yung Ching-min, Chinese Ambassador.

THE AEROPLANES THAT COULD NOT FLY : Twelve United States Navy Demon jet-fighters are seen moving down the Mississippi River on barges at St. Louis. They were on the last stage of their inglorious journey to the naval base at Memphis, Tennessee, where they are to be used as ground trainers. More than twenty of these aircraft were found, after they had been built, to have insufficiently powerful engines.

THE AMERICAN ARMY BRINGS ITS PORTABLE PORT TO THE COASTS OF EUROPE : A de Long pier of the U.S. Army is towed from Blaye to Le Verdon, in France, in preparation for a beach-landing exercise held by the European Command. What look like chimney-stacks are in fact the supports for the pier, which can be raised or lowered as demanded by the depth of the sea. The pier provides an excellent off-shore "firm base" for the landing of supplies.

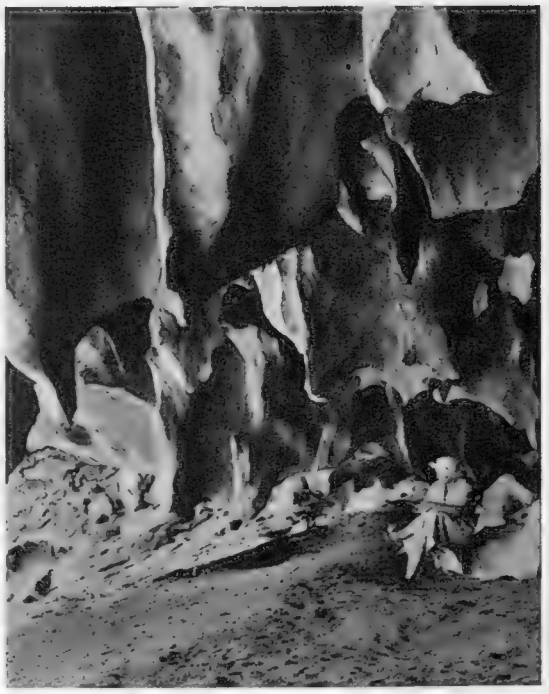
THE LARGEST PEBBLE IN THE WORLD

Ayers Rock, a Red Monolith of Ancient Sedimentary Rocks, Towers Over 1,000 ft. Above the Central Australian Plateau Some 300 Miles West of Alice Springs, a Popular Resort

LILLIPUTIAN VISITORS: An idea of the immense size of Ayers Rock, the heart of the Australian plateau, can be gained by comparing the small size of the figures exploring the caves with the towering rock behind. The caves are the result of winds that have driven sand particles against the rock.

750,000,000 YEARS OLD: Ayers Rock is composed of pre-Cambrian conglomerate and is thought by geologists to have assumed its strange shape during a prehistoric upheaval of the earth's crust.

NO MEAN CLIMBING FEAT: Owing to its sheer slopes and conical shape, Ayers Rock is difficult to climb. The western face does not call for particular skill in climbing, but good nerve and limbs are necessary.



"THE OLD WOMAN'S CAVE": According to aboriginal legend, this cave was the "Dreaming Place" of an old woman. The hanging shawl formations are remnants of hard strata laid bare by wind erosion.

On left—
TRESPASSERS IN A HAUNT OF BATS: A view from one of the caves looking out on to the scrubland. Usually the refuge of bats, the caves are believed by the aborigines to be the work of a lizard ancestor.

THE KANGAROO'S TAIL: This long sliver of stone carved out of the main rock mass by wind erosion forms a strange sloping column with, for the greater part of its height, a clear space of several feet making a crevice between the "tail" and the rock face.

The Central Australian Plateau is, even to-day, a little-frequented desert scrubland with scattered mountain masses—"The Dead Heart of the Continent." In the middle of the last century, when the urge to explore this vast unknown hinterland was general, William Christie Gosse, who had emigrated to Australia earlier in the century from England, was put in charge of an expedition to explore the country west of the MacDonnell Ranges in the Central Plateau. This area was almost completely unknown and the attempts to map it which had been made in earlier years had produced little but a realisation of the dangers involved in crossing the desert. Gosse, however, was more thorough and more successful. He managed to reach the Townsend Range, 100 miles inside the border of Western Australia, before the desert defeated him. In the course of his journey he came across a natural phenomenon that puzzled him a great deal. In the heart of the desert waste he found a mountain of quite unique shape, a single red monolith rising sheer from the flat desert plain to a considerable height. He named it Ayers Rock.

To-day, owing to the skill of applied geology, a little more is known of Ayers Rock. In the first place the Rock is not exactly unique, for it lies between two other formations that have distinct similarities with it, as far as formation is concerned. To the east lies Mount Connor, a flat-topped mesa, and to the west the fantastic monoliths of Mount Olga looking from a distance like a batch of gigantic eggs standing on end and apparently leaning on each other. Both of these outcrops were possibly at one time part of the same formation as Ayers Rock.

But Ayers Rock has a peculiar claim to being unique which neither of the others can furnish. Whereas the stratification on both Mount Olga and Mount Connor is horizontal and completely orthodox, that of Ayers Rock is almost vertical. This can either be explained by excessive furrowing in a vertical direction due to age-old weathering or, as seems more likely, by the theory that at some time an upheaval of the earth's crust took place between Mount Olga and Mount Connor resulting in the stratification of the Rock becoming almost vertical, due to a violent tilting movement.

Although perhaps Ayers Rock was once part of a mountain range with its two neighbours, it has nothing of their fantastic shapes. It is merely a single huge monolith without any separate peaks. Rising abruptly from the mulga-covered desert plain, it reaches the height of 1,100 ft., with a ground circumference of six miles. From its enormous red dome the contours descend at first in gentle slopes and then running in precipitous leaps down sheer vertical buttresses to the scrubland floor. The impression from a distance and from the air is of a huge round cone rising suddenly from the desert. This accounts for the affectionate nickname given it by Australians when they call Ayers Rock "the biggest pebble in the world." For the Aborigines, however, it is "Oolra," the Mount of Awe.

THE MAN WHO DISSOLVED THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY : M. Edgar Faure leaves the Elysée Palace after a Council of Ministers. He remains the Prime Minister of France until the new Assembly has constituted itself and his own resignation is accepted by President Coty. It is uncertain when this will take place.

POLITICAL NEGOTIATIONS BEGIN : Former French Premier, Pierre Mendès-France, meets M. Guy Mollet, Secretary-General of the French Socialist Party, to discuss the parliamentary situation and to seek common ground between them. As soon as the election results were known all the political leaders began similar discussions with possible allies and supporters.

POLITICIANS PREPARE IN FRANCE

The Parliamentary Parties are in the Midst of Preparations for the Opening of the New Assembly

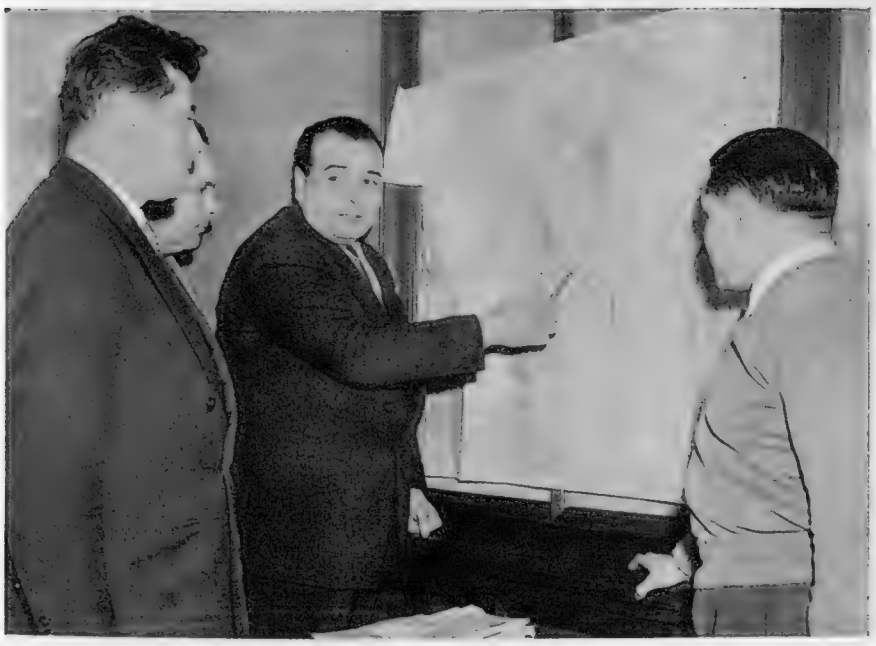
The French Assembly has not been very easy to govern in recent years, but it has been possible to achieve some sort of executive power by means of a system of rather ramshackle party alliances. This in itself took away from all post-war French Governments any certain foundation on which to build their policies, but it assured them of some brief prospect of power. The new Assembly that has recently been elected by the largest proportion of voters to have gone to the polls for a considerable time, seems to have made this alliance system dangerous to use.

Two-thirds of the new Assembly, the Communists and the Poujadists, are determined to destroy the Parliamentary institutions of the Fourth Republic. This means that those parties which constitute the remaining two-thirds have the onus upon them to defend their very existence. Consequently little room is left for that political manœuvring so dear to French Parliamentary procedure.

The Republican parties of the centre are faced with the Communists and their increased number of seats on the extreme Left, and the fifty-two seats of the Poujadists on the Right. Between these two extremes the parliamentary parties are caught as between two fires. If they form a Coalition Government on the old pattern they would be running the risk that should one of the major groups—Conservatives, Socialists or M.R.P.—move in to real opposition the way would be open for one or other of the extreme parties to assume power. This could conceivably result in the fall of the present Parliamentary system. A way out of this impasse is difficult to see.

The rise to power of Pierre Poujade, the main reason for this parliamentary dilemma, is not a phenomenon unique in French politics. There seems to be something inherent in the French system of government that brings to the surface a popular movement based on demagogy and mass appeal at least once every half-century. Perhaps Poujadism will fade away as quickly and with as little result as Boulangism did sixty-five years ago. However, no matter what the fate of the movement may be, it seems inevitable that harm will result from the political leverage it can wield.

THE NEW GENERAL AND HIS STAFF : Pierre Poujade, the former Air Force sergeant and small bookseller, who astonished the French political world by winning fifty-two seats in the recent elections, is seen with his advisers in their temporary National headquarters which are situated in a small suburban villa at Ablon, on the outskirts of Paris.



A WORD IN YOUR EAR : Poujade's dark-haired wife Yvette, seen with him above, has acted as his personal secretary since the movement first began as an anti-tax union in the provinces. She has been one of his most enthusiastic supporters.

***On left*—"The Chief" (left) looks on as Jacques Delmouly, the "Director of National Propaganda," uses a wall map in the National Headquarters to illustrate a point.**

HOLIDAYS IN THE SUN

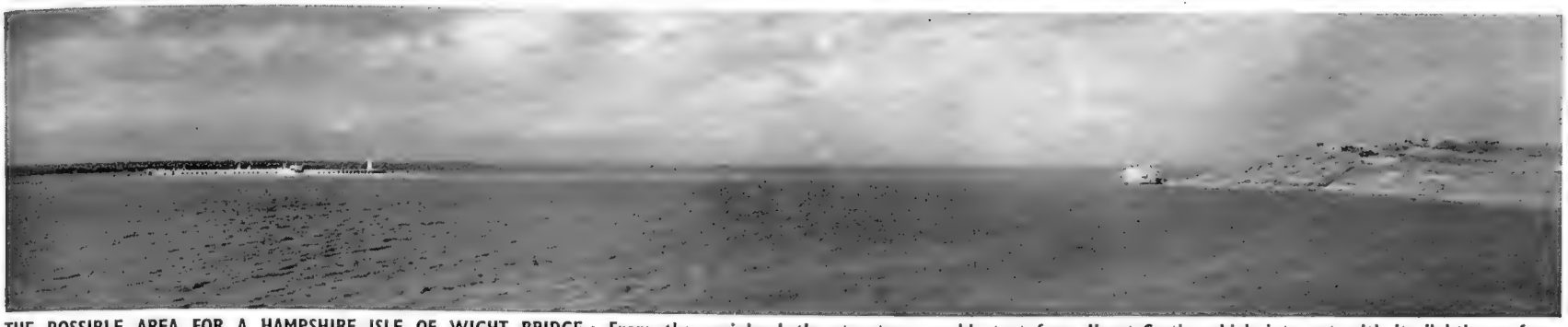
Scenes from Various Swiss Mountain Resorts, where the Winter Season of Games and Sports is in Full Swing

In all the small mountain villages of Switzerland which have become the haunts of winter sports enthusiasts the season is by now well advanced. For six months of the year, when the precipitous Alpine slopes are covered with thick snow, the populations of these little communities are multiplied many times. From all over the world people come to take part in the wide variety of sports that find a place in the winter programme. The majority come to ski, but others find their enjoyment on the rinks, either skating, curling, or playing ice-hockey, while some are simply content to lie in the sun or go for long walks around the snow-covered hillsides. Until Easter the season will continue its run, and then with the thaw the Alpine villages will reveal themselves in another garb, lying in green meadows with clustering farms about them. By then the enthusiasts will have gone, and the Swiss peasants will return to their normal life for the remaining half of the year.

ON THEIR WAY TO THE PEAKS: Parties of skiers are seen in the snow-fields of the Gotschnagrat region above Klosters, as they make their way to the Parsenn. The peak on the right is the Grunhorn. The long climb to the Parsenn fields is amply repaid by the fine slopes that can be found in that area.

The small mountain village of Klosters itself lies at 3,917 ft. above sea-level in a broad valley enclosed by mountains. It is a popular ski-ing resort. *On left*—Skiers returning to Klosters after a run down from the mountains pass the Jacobs Kirche, in the main street of the little village. This is one of the oldest churches in the Grisons and was built in 1190. It once was part of a convent of the same name, but the convent itself was suppressed in 1528. *On right*—Spectators sitting on the snow outside a small restaurant above Grindelwald enjoy their lunch during an interval in the women's international ski-ing events taking place in this well-known centre of winter sports in the Bernese Oberland.

EXERTION IN THE SNOW AND LEISURE IN THE SUN: *Above*—A class assembles at the ski-school in Klosters. For those who cannot ski regularly the ski-schools and their teams of patient instructors are a necessary preliminary to their holiday. *On right*—Afternoon tea on the terraces of the Palace Hotel at Wengen. The snow-covered peaks make a breathtaking setting.



THE POSSIBLE AREA FOR A HAMPSHIRE–ISLE OF WIGHT BRIDGE : From the mainland the structure would start from Hurst Castle, which juts out with its lighthouse from the left. It would cross the Solent to reach the island over Fort Albert at the headland of Cliff End, in Colwell Bay, on the right. The channel here is at its narrowest point—no more than three-quarters of a mile wide—and less shipping uses this approach to Southampton than the eastern strait through Spithead. Nevertheless, the plan presents many difficulties. The sea at the Solent crossing is over 30 fathoms deep and the cost of the bridge might be £10,000,000.

A BRIDGE OVER THE SOLENT

The Proposal for Joining the Hampshire Coast to the Isle of Wight Might Greatly Increase the Island's Prosperity

By JOHN MAY

LAST summer a small committee in Wight, the beautiful island off Hampshire, produced an idea which is proving to be the cause of considerable controversy.

Ferry travel to and from the Isle of Wight is not particularly convenient, and on the island itself, while the roads are barely adequate, several railway lines have recently been closed. Against this background, while working on a "town map" of future development of West Wight, the committee sensibly asked the County Planning Officer to report on the possibilities of a bridge connecting with the mainland.

The report prepared by Robert W. Rose was soberly factual. But, circulated to get public reaction, it split the island with controversy. Hot debate arose not only on the sore point of island communications, but on Wight's whole way of life.

The Island of Wight was put on the fashionable map about 100 years ago by Queen Victoria's purchase of the Osborne estate, near East Cowes. Here she breakfasted to bagpipes, became the first monarch to speak over Alexander Bell's new-fangled telephone, and died after fifty-six years' residence. "It is impossible to imagine a prettier spot," she wrote. "We have a charming beach quite to ourselves."

To-day, a diehard few of the 95,000 inhabitants wish to retain this fading Victorian quietude. One county councillor wants discussion of the bridge idea banned for fifty years, and the *Isle of Wight County Press* has published a set of verses protesting against "throwing our birthright away." "One of the joys of our island is our isolation," says Lieut.-Colonel A. D. Dockrill. "We don't want to become a second Blackpool."

Progressives, however, realise that something must be done about Wight's geographical and financial position. "Coming generations," says Alderman E. W. Austin, chairman of the island's publicity council, "will not agree to continue the present burden of excessive taxation and high freight charges—and the impossible ferry link."

In spite of difficulties of communication, the trend at present is for the island to become increasingly popular as a holiday resort. Record figures were reached on Saturday, August 6, 1955, when nearly 80,000 passengers and more than 1,100 cars were conveyed on the British Railways' Portsmouth–Ryde, Portsmouth–Fishbourne and Lymington–Yarmouth routes, as well as others on the longer Southampton–Cowes crossing which is independently run.

Air travel is also developing. Last year, five different airline operators—Airviews Ltd., B.K.S. Air Transport Ltd., Channel Airways Ltd., Don Everal Aviation Ltd. and Starways Ltd.—launched services to Bembridge from Birmingham, Brighton, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle and Portsmouth. Over 12,000 passengers passed through Bembridge from May until the end of September, approximately two-thirds using the new services.

Air travel is faster than surface transport, but costs more. The air fares to Bembridge range from 17s. 6d. return from Portsmouth, to £10 16s. return from Newcastle. British Railways ferry-boat return fares are 4s. 6d. for passengers, while the return for cars can be as high as £5 13s.

Neither method of travel is so convenient as a direct link could be. While some holiday-makers enjoy the sea or air crossing, regular travellers would welcome something less adventurous. In the peak season, much time is lost waiting to embark on the ferry, and—except for the late service on Thursdays—the last boat sails from the mainland as early as 8.50 p.m. At other times, rough weather and fog hamper both the air and sea services.

The "Victorian isolationists" are presumably content with this state of affairs, but others are not. The County Planning Officer's report on the bridge idea points out that it would bring prices on the island down to mainland level, attract new light industries, and "encourage out-of-season visitors if it were made easier for them to bring their cars." The report also quotes Fred Turton's book, *The History of the Solent Tunnel Scheme*, which says:

"The island, instead of being a famous resort all the year round, has to rely on a short three-months season, and, all the rest of the year, suffers stagnation and debt."

While Gosport to Ryde, Beaulieu to Gurnard and Hurst Castle to Colwell have been suggested in the past as possible railway-tunnel routes, the obvious crossing for a bridge seems to be from Hurst Castle to Colwell. The distance is only three-quarters of a mile, and less shipping uses the western approach to Southampton and Portsmouth.

Nevertheless, as opponents of the idea are not slow to point out, it bristles with difficulties. This is the deepest part of the channel—more than 30 fathoms as against the Beaulieu–Gurnard route's maximum of 12 fathoms. A fair amount of shipping uses it, including naval craft, and the Admiralty would probably not allow a swing or lift bridge in case the mechanical breakdown of such a structure blocked the channel.

"As I see it," a bridge engineer says, "a suspension bridge would be required, some 200 ft. above high water to avoid hindering shipping. It would have a 2,000-ft. centre span, with supporting spans both sides. The Tay and Forth Bridges, Oakland Bridge at San Francisco Bay, and the new bridge at Tampa Bay, Miami, are comparable structures."

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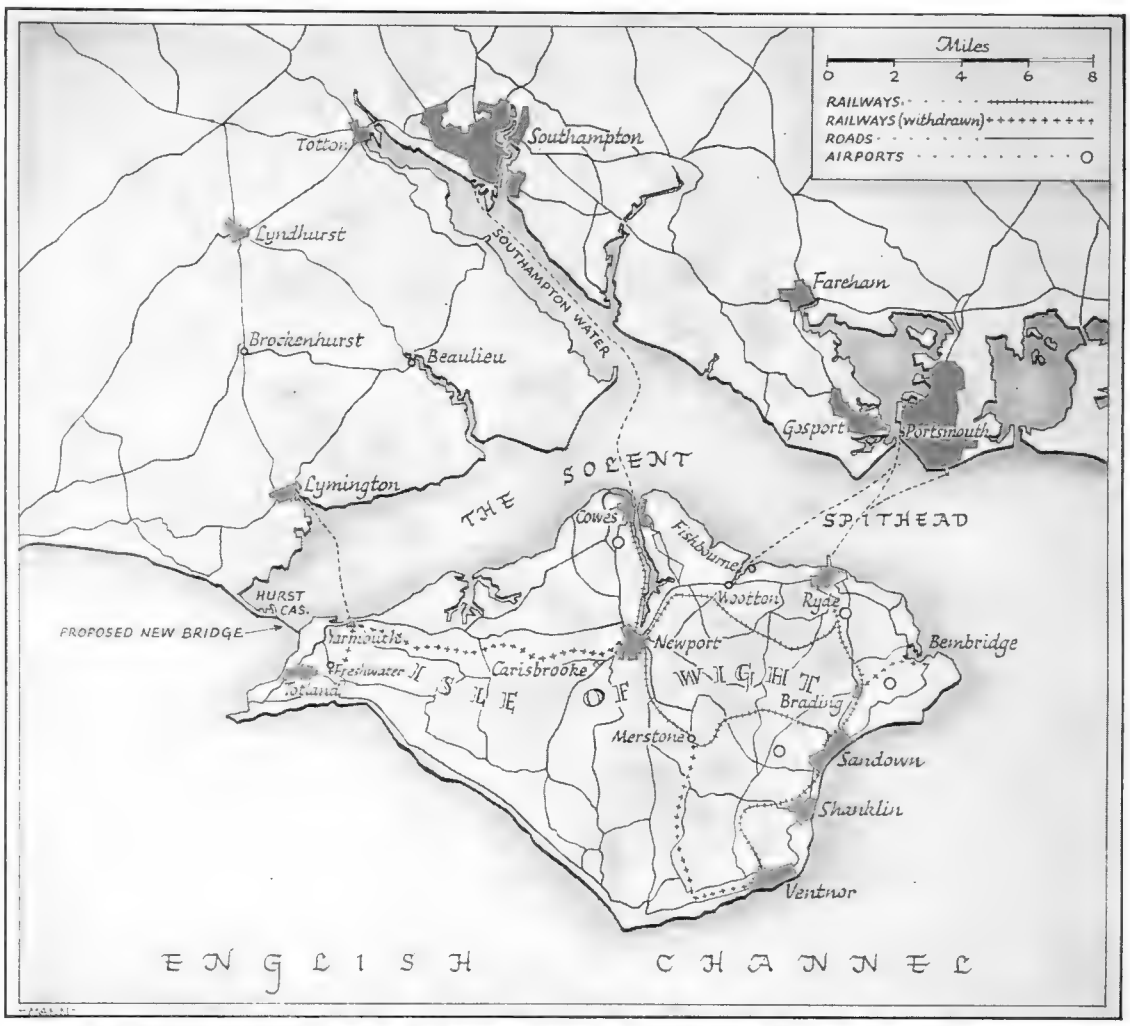


INADEQUATE COMMUNICATIONS : Besides the proposed route for the bridge, the map shows the present means of reaching the island. The ferries from Yarmouth, Southampton and Portsmouth and the rapidly-developing airlines are not considered adequate, and on the island itself a number of railways have been closed. The bridge would be a vital stimulus for the new road system which the island requires.

A DERELICT RAILWAY : Bembridge Station is closed and the rails overgrown with weeds. This is one of the three lines shut down in spite of strong objections from the islanders. The future of some other lines is in doubt.

A BRIDGE OVER THE SOLENT

THE AIRPORT AT BEMBRIDGE : It is in the east of the island. St. Helens is in the extreme right background, and beyond it, across Spithead, lies Portsmouth. Centre left background is Ryde. Whitecliffe Bay, a fine bathing beach, is a short way down the road running from the centre foreground. Between May and September of last year over 12,000 passengers passed through Bembridge. Aircraft come from many parts of Britain, including London, Newcastle, Liverpool, Leeds and Manchester, and application has been made for new services from the mainland.

THE CENTRE OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM : A train for Ryde arrives at the station of Newport, which is the capital of the island and the main junction for its surviving railway lines. The trains, which run now exclusively in the eastern half of the island, are full only during the short summer season when holidaymakers come.

(*Continued from previous page*)

The biggest problem of all is cost. Nobody has suggested that the published figure of £8,000,000 to £10,000,000 is exaggerated. Little help could be expected from the Ministry of Transport, the report says, and "a toll system might counteract most of the advantages of having a bridge at all."

If the difficulties could be overcome, a Solent bridge at this point would open the Isle of Wight's roads to holiday traffic coming from London on the A 35, and from the Midlands and North on the A 34 from Oxford. Cars would pour along the causeway to Hurst Castle, cross the bridge and debouch on a highway north of Colwell Bay, which would be integrated with the general new road system of the island.

Would the bridge accommodate also a railway track? This would relieve road congestion. But even the most optimistic of the Isle of Wight's planners would not bet on co-operation from British Railways after recent transactions with that body.

Railways came to the island late, in 1862; they are leaving early. Three years ago, British Railways claimed to be losing more than £250,000 a year on the fifty miles of line that covered Wight's 147 square miles. In the summer, especially at week-ends, when holidaymakers arrived and departed, trains were full. But the seasonal business was apparently not enough to carry the cost of the system through the rest of the year. "The locals only used the railway when they 'd got a goat, a baby in a pram, or two-pennyworth of bait that the buses wouldn't handle," alleges a railwayman.

The Railway Executive proposed, therefore, to cut out three branch lines, and save £95,000 a year. Counsel retained by the Isle of Wight County Council and others objected that the proposals were "rotten at any point where their substance is examined." The objectors put forward various alternatives: economies in staff; splitting the peak summer load over two routes; making a one-price bus-or-train ticket; putting the

(*Concluded on page* 100)

LEAVING RYDE : The engines and rolling stock of the Isle of Wight railways are small and delight railway connoisseurs. But the system loses money over the year's working. The island now depends increasingly on road transport.

BY CAR FROM PORTSMOUTH : Vehicles embark on the ferry which will take them to Fishbourne. On a Saturday in August last year British Railways ferries from the mainland carried nearly 80,000 passengers and over 1,100 cars.

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE: Victor Coverley-Price has drawn his impression of how the bridge might look when completed. The view is from Tennyson Down to the north. The bridge is represented as having a centre span of 2,000 ft., with supporting spans on both sides. Its height would be 200 ft. above high water to allow ample passage for shipping. Colwell Bay is on the right, and beneath the right-hand (Isle of Wight) end of the bridge is Fort Albert. Among the trees in the left foreground are some of the houses of Totland Bay. Behind the spit of sand on which Hurst Castle and the lighthouse stand at the left (mainland) end of the bridge is the dark outline of the New Forest, lying inland from the coast of Hampshire.

HEADING FOR THE ISLAND: The M.V. *Shanklin* has accommodation for 1,377 passengers. She is fitted with radar, has two 8-cylinder diesel engines and a speed of 14½ knots. She is the third screw vessel on the Portsmouth-Ryde service.

COMING ASHORE: Passengers disembark on to the pier at Ryde. The island is becoming increasingly popular as a holiday centre. But the season is limited and the sea and air communications are liable to be affected by bad weather.

A MODERN CAR FERRY: The diesel-electric-powered ship *Farringford* has a capacity for thirty-two vehicles. Hinged gangways at the ends of the car decks enable the vehicles to be driven ashore. This vessel is on the Lymington-Yarmouth route.

DEPARTURE FROM FISHBOURNE: The cars drive on to the ferry for the return to Portsmouth. Only a certain number of vehicles can be carried by sea. The bridge could bring very many more motorists to the island.

THE VIEW FROM QUEEN VICTORIA'S BEDROOM AT OSBORNE: The window looks on to the Italianate garden. The Queen bought the estate and built the house in 1845 and died in this bedroom fifty-six years later.

'A QUIET AND RETIRED PLACE OF ONE'S OWN": Thus Queen Victoria described Osborne House and the estate. There are to-day people in the Isle of Wight who hold the Victorian attitude and oppose such schemes as the bridge because it might spoil their isolation.

A BRIDGE OVER THE SOLENT

(*Concluded from page 98*)

railways on a winter care-and-maintenance basis and opening them only for the holiday season; or, finally, a terminal tax on the annual estimated 4,000,000 holidaymakers and their 500,000 cars to meet the loss.

One of the most attractive suggestions was to replace the rolling-stock with diesel cars on the Continental pattern. "The whole of the existing rolling-stock is reminiscent of the *Titfield Thunderbolt*, and the general apparatus gives the impression of Arcadia rather than of a modern transport system," commented the *Daily Telegraph*. "There is ample field here for imaginative experiment."

Despite all the protests and bright ideas, however, three lines—Newport to Freshwater, Brading to Bembridge, and Merstone to Ventnor West—were finally closed. To-day, the railway still links Ryde, Ventnor, Newport and Cowes. But doubt hovers, at the time of writing, over the Sandown–Newport connection, and complete closure of the whole island railway system has been mentioned as a possibility.

The immediate effects are threefold. Francis Bright, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, points out first that businessmen are left with a feeling that the island's transport system is slipping backwards, and they can work only on a short season-to-season basis. "What we want," he says, "is a firm forward-looking scheme, so that, with our transport assured, we can plan for future development."

Secondly, the whole of West Wight, without railways of any kind, lapses back into pre-Victorian quietude, and is saved from stagnation only by road transport. The disused cuttings and embankments, bereft of lines and sleepers, are meantime too narrow for anything but to become footpaths or bridle-tracks.

Finally, the whole island is faced with an immense road improvement bill as the highways take over traffic which the railways abandon. If the railways close altogether, this, according to the Planning Officer, could amount to £1,000,000.

But a Solent bridge could transfigure the whole picture. West Wight, now so quiet, would become the district most frequented by day visitors, and to this reception area would be brought all kinds of development. Yarmouth and Freshwater would acquire a new status, and become as prosperous as Ventnor, Shanklin and Ryde on the eastern side of the island.

There is no doubt that motoring across to the Isle of Wight would immediately become immensely popular. The present total of visitors could easily be doubled, and the holiday season possibly lengthened to the six months enjoyed by such British resorts as the Norfolk Broads. The island's isolation would suffer, but the holiday industry would be free as never before to capitalise the Isle of Wight air which Tennyson, when a resident, once described in an enthusiastic but unpoetic moment as "worth sixpence a pint."

THE BEACH AT COLWELL BAY: Fort Albert is at the end of the promontory in the left background. Here is suggested that the bridge should end. There are many delightful sands and bathing beaches round the island to which the bridge over the Solent would give easy access to motorists from the mainland of Hampshire.

A PLACE IN THE SUN: This chine is near Ventnor, which is one of the most southerly places in the British Isles. The natural beauties of the Isle of Wight are many. The progressives in its 95,000 population maintain that the bridge would open the island to a wide public and solve a pressing economic problem.

THE ISLAND'S MOST FAMOUS LANDMARK: The Needles are the series of rocks at the western promontory of the island. The lighthouse is on the right.

THE MASTER PRESENTS THE HOUNDS : Major Robert Hoare, Master of the West Norfolk Hunt, who is mounted, greets the Queen Mother and Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The Royal Party had gone to Harpley Dams, Hillington, to see the hounds gather for the hunt. As last year, the Royal children were driven from Sandringham, a few miles away, for the occasion.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN AT THE MEET

Prince Charles and Princess Anne with the Queen Mother at the West Norfolk Hunt

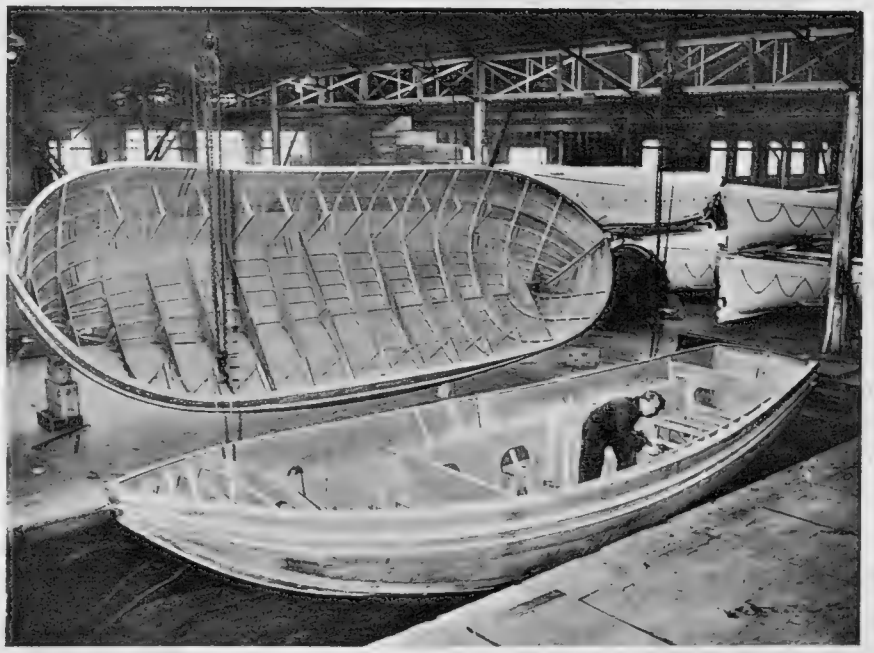
PRINCE CHARLES ENJOYS A CRACK OF THE WHIP : The Queen's son returns the whip to Major Roberts after borrowing it to round up two stray hounds. The Queen Mother and the Royal children followed hounds in a Land-Rover, but returned to Sandringham before the fox was killed.

"GOOD DOG!" : Princess Anne gives an affectionate pat to one of the hounds, who came in for a great deal of attention. Both Princess Anne and Prince Charles wore windcheater jackets and corduroy trousers for the outing.

MAN AGAINST TWO ELEMENTS

Survival Over the Sound Barrier; New Lifeboats; Races at Sea

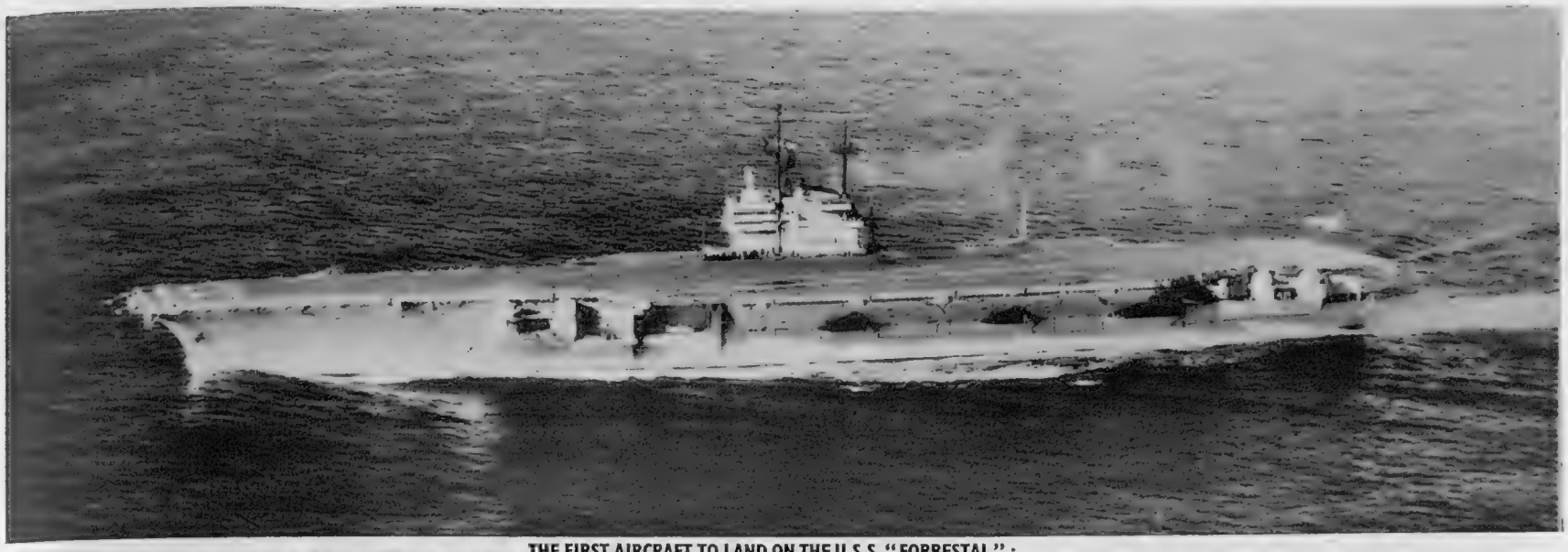
A "BUCKING BRONCO" OF THE OCEAN: A surf-boat rears up over a big wave as the crew struggle to keep it afloat in a contest during a recent surf carnival at Warriewood, near Sydney, in Australia. The efforts succeeded, for the vessel went on to finish second in the race.



On left—
NEW-STYLE LIFEBOATS: Both of them are being constructed of aluminium in a shipbuilding yard in Aalsmeer, in Holland. These are the first lifeboats to be made of this alloy. The cost of the vessel in the water is being subscribed by an insurance company of Amsterdam, and when completed it will be stationed at Den Helder. The boat behind it is going to the Netherlands liner *Nieuw Amsterdam*.

AN EJECTION-SEAT TEST UNDER SUPERSONIC CONDITIONS: *At top*—A dummy pilot is lowered into the cockpit of a rocket sled at Edward's Air Force Base, in the Mojave Desert of California. *Centre*—As the sled tears along its rails at a speed faster than sound, the dummy is ejected. *Bottom*—Two seconds later the dummy is spread-eagled in mid-air. The dummy and its equipment are an exact replica of the American test pilot G. F. Smith at the time, a year ago, when he survived an ejection escape from an F-100 Super Sabre flying faster than sound at a low altitude. His injuries kept him in hospital for six months. As a result of information he supplied, scientists planned these recent tests in California. Inside the dummy's head were instruments of many kinds. When it was ejected from the sled at a speed of 777 m.p.h.—the speed at which Smith made his escape—the instruments started to record a mass of detailed information so complicated that only electronic calculators could work out the answers quickly. Otherwise, ten people would have taken two years on the task.

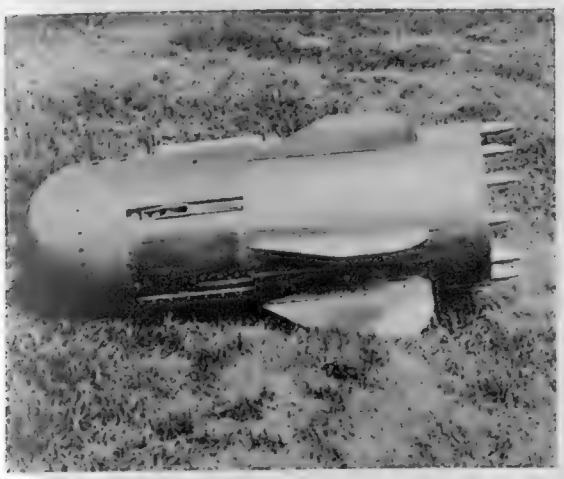
OFF IN A RACE ON THE WATER: The boats tear through the water from the start of a race during the Miami-Miami Beach regatta off the coast of Florida, U.S.A. This contest was open to the 135 cub. in. hydroplane class. The chief event of the regatta was won by Mr. Henry E. Lauterbach, of Portsmouth, Virginia.

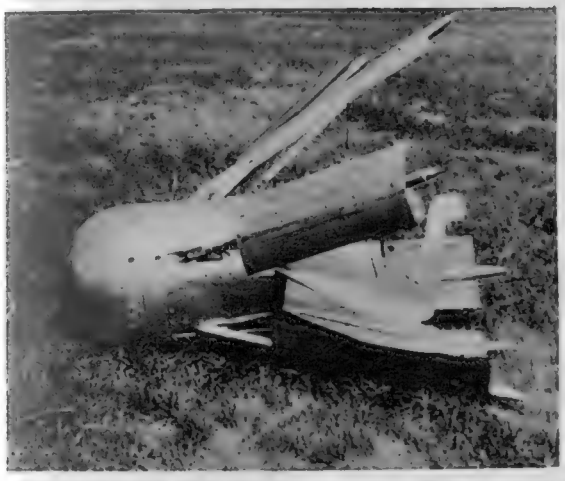


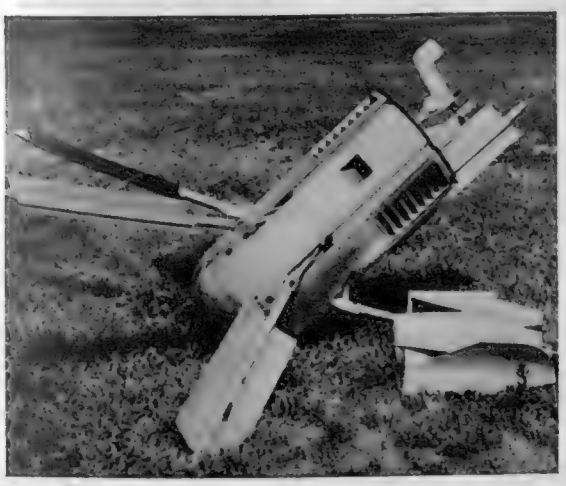
THE FIRST AIRCRAFT TO LAND ON THE U.S.S. "FORRESTAL": A Fury FJ-2 fighter approaches the flight-deck of the aircraft-carrier *Forrestal* off the coast of Virginia. The aircraft, piloted by Commander R. L. Werner, was the first to land aboard the 59,650-ton vessel. A few hours later Commander Werner made the first catapult-launched take-off from the carrier. *Forrestal* is the largest ship in service with any navy of the world. She has an angled deck with three launching areas. Her overall length is 1,036 ft. and her beam at the extreme width of the flight-deck, 252 ft. An even larger aircraft-carrier, U.S.S. *Saratoga*, was launched last year.

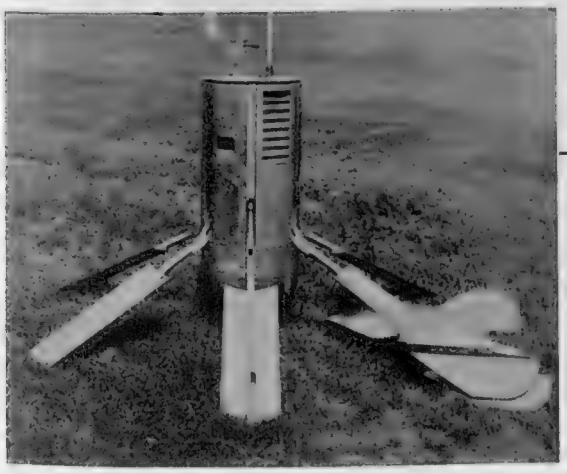
AIRCRAFT LANDINGS ON SEA AND SHORE

And a Robot Which Broadcasts Weather News





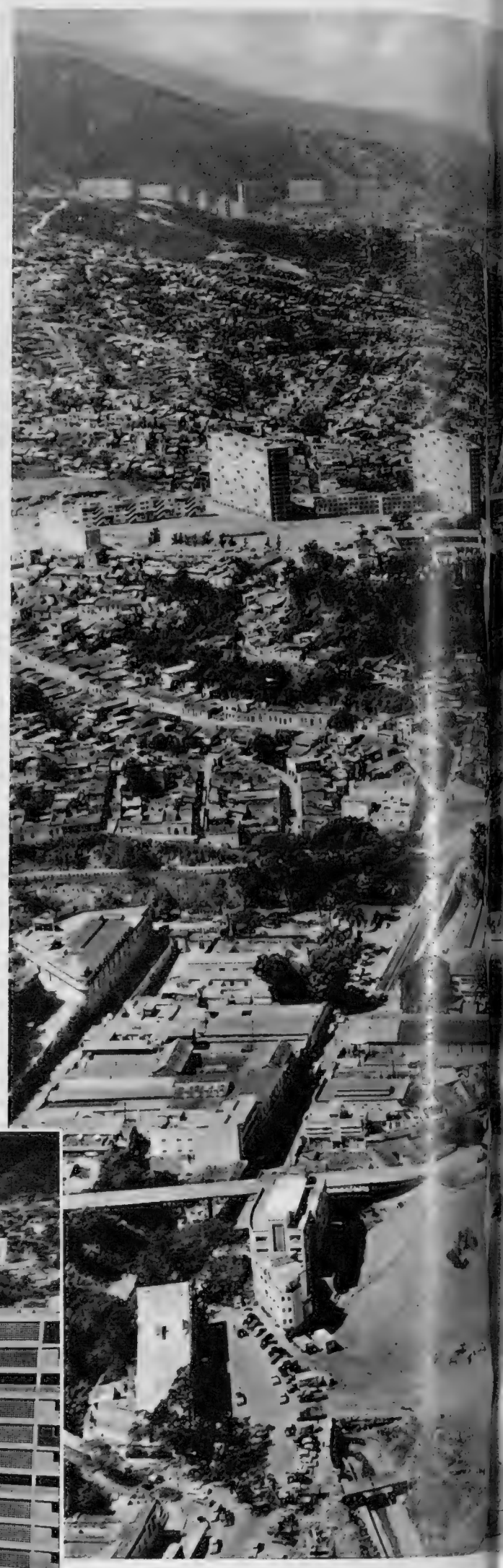




On left—

AN AUTOMATIC METEOROLOGICAL STATION: The four pictures in the strip show the stages of the operation of the Grasshopper, a robot "weatherman" invented in America. It is dropped from the air by parachute. In the top picture the Grasshopper lies on the ground after the parachute has detached itself. In the next picture down, it starts to open automatically. Thirdly, it begins to set itself up, and, finally, at the bottom, it is ready to operate. The Grasshopper will be used on Antarctic expeditions. It takes weather observations at predetermined intervals, transcribes them into Morse code and transmits them by radio at the rate of seventeen words a minute.

NEW LANDING AIDS AT A NEW YORK AIRFIELD: This is the pilot's view of the recently installed approach lighting system at Idlewild, the international airport of New York. Its purpose is to guide aircraft in during periods of limited visibility. Known as E.F.A.S. (Electronic Flash Approach System), it consists of a line of Sylvania Strobeacons set up in the waters of Jamaica Bay and pointing to the runway on the shore. Each Strobeacon employs a high-intensity flash tube and produces an ultra-brilliant beam of over 30,000,000 candle-power. Each unit flashes twice every second and the line of them flashes in sequence over the water towards the runway. The black patch seen on the runway itself is the effect of the tyres of aircraft landing. It is expected this system will reduce flight delays.



THE SLUM AREAS OF CARACAS WHICH ARE GRADUALLY DISAPPEARING: Slum shacks, or "ranchitos," like these are being cleared in Venezuela's capital to make way for the huge blocks of flats which the Government is building. Already 60,000 of the slum dwellers have been rehoused in this way.

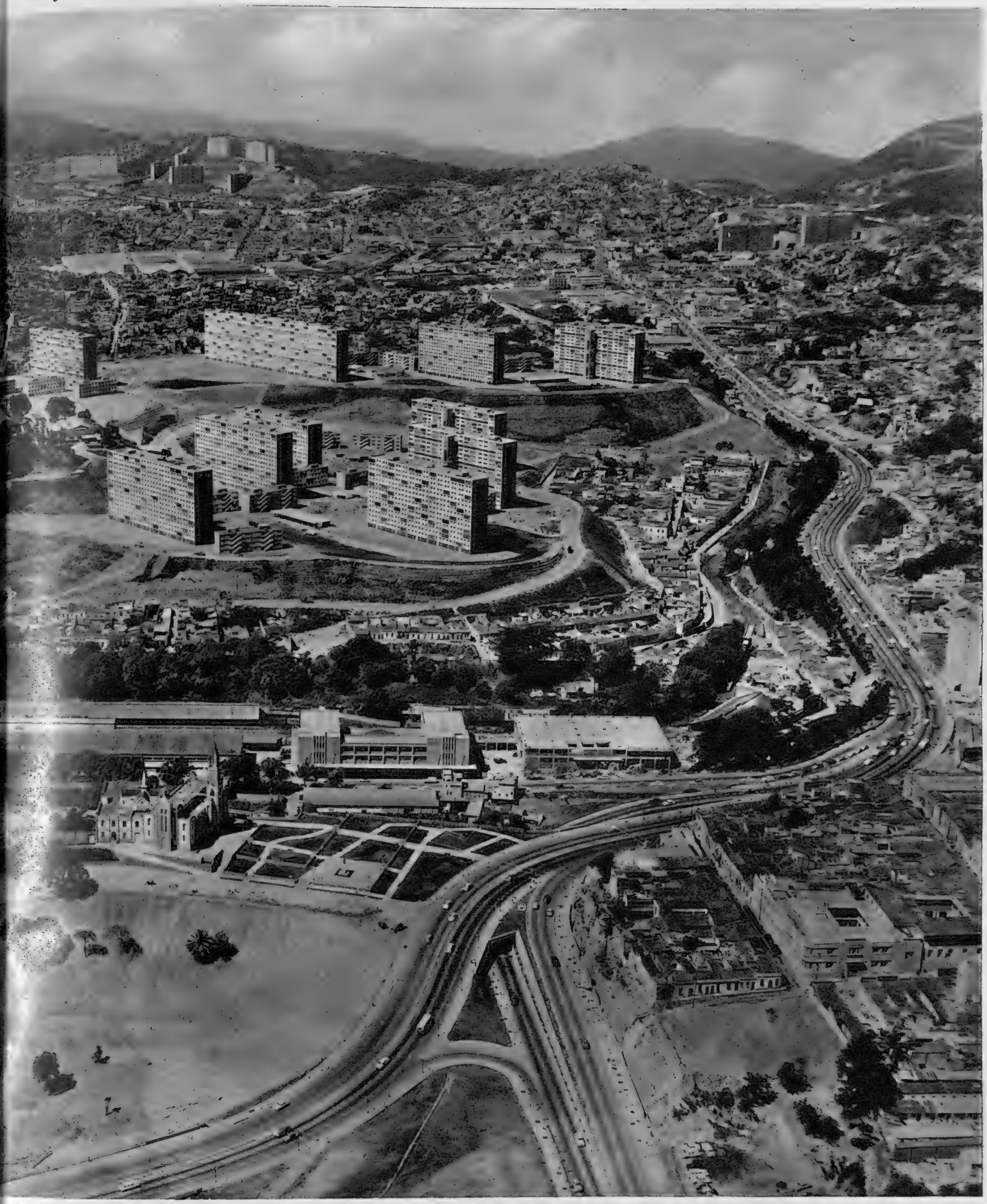
On left—

A NEW VIEW OF A NEW CITY: The cable-car which will enable sightseers to travel from Caracas to the 7,000-ft. Mount Avila and get an unparalleled view of the newly rebuilt city on one side and of the Caribbean on the other. This is the second-largest cable-car system in the world.

A NEW LIFE FOR OVER 13,000 PEOPLE: Some of the thirteen blocks of flats, each fifteen storeys high, in the La Planicie rehousing project in Caracas. In the foreground is one of the fifty-two four-storey units also on the estate. Altogether 2,317 families, or well over 13,000 people, are being rehoused on this new estate.

SLUM CLEARANCE ON THE GRAND SCALE

The Second Stage in a Fabulous Rehousing Programme, Involving 300,000 Inhabitants of Venezuela's Capital, has been Completed



A CITY RESHAPED—HOW THE PROSPERITY OF OIL-BEARING VENEZUELA IS PASSED ON TO THE CITIZENS OF THE CAPITAL: In the centre of this aerial view of Caracas is the La Planicie estate, consisting of thirteen "superblocks" and fifty-two four-storey buildings. The estate was inaugurated last month. In the foreground is one of the new highways being built in Caracas. On the hillside in the background is one of the first of the new housing estates, the Cerro Piloto. In between are some old slums.

Since the war it has been the good fortune of the South American republic of Venezuela to come into money. Oil has brought an undreamt-of prosperity to the State, and, as in other countries where such a metamorphosis has taken place, the accumulation of wealth is reflected in the changing face of the capital city. Skyscraper office buildings are erected, fashionable shopping streets are established, and fine new highways are built to cope with the sudden influx of fast new motor-cars.

But Caracas differs from this pattern in one important respect: social welfare, and, in particular, slum clearance and rehousing, has kept pace with the other improvements. Much of the credit for this is given to the ruler of Venezuela himself.

The problem before the Venezuelan Government in Caracas was that of the 25,000 dreary little makeshift shacks, known as ranchitos, which have grown up like mushrooms all over the capital. Together they used to house about 55,000 families, or more than 300,000 people. It was decided that as these slums were swept away new blocks of flats should be built in their place, enabling the inhabitants of the ranchitos to lead a new life under modern and sanitary conditions.

In 1954 the pilot project in the Catia section of Caracas was inaugurated. This consisted of forty fifteen-storey blocks of flats accommodating some 40,000 people. At the end of last year the second great estate, La Planicie, was inaugurated: around 13,720 people will live there. This year the Government plans to spend twice as much on slum clearance and rehousing as the £14,285,000 expended last year, and a further 60,000 people are expected to be rehoused. In 1957 even greater efforts are to be made, and by 1958 it is hoped that the rehousing programme will have been fulfilled.

The skyscraper flats are built of blocks of cement over reinforced concrete skeletons. Lift shafts are in outside walls, connected by ramps and porches to each floor. Different colour combinations are used for the façades. Besides electricity there is running water and proper sanitation, neither of which were a feature of the ranchitos. The rents for the new blocks of flats vary between 32s. and 64s. a week. But tenants can buy their own flats. The price of a three-room flat is around £2,140, or cash payment of £350 and the remainder to be paid within twenty years. Since many of the tenants receive as much as £570 for their old shacks, the newly-housed citizens of Caracas are becoming property owners, as well as healthier and more comfortable people.

ADVENTURE IN KENYA

In Spite of Mau Mau British Settlers Pioneer New Areas in the Colony

MOST reports on Kenya to-day inevitably deal with the long, wearying campaign to end the Mau Mau terror there. But it should never be forgotten that this is still a land of opportunity for those with the spirit of adventure on which so much of the British Commonwealth is founded. During the past two years young settlers have shown that this spirit is by no means dead by literally carving out for themselves a new and exciting living from the bush.

Nearly a mile and three-quarters above the sea in the Kenya Highlands, where the settled area juts into Masai country, these men and women between them are developing 18,000 acres of largely uncultivated soil.

Two years ago this land at Mau-Narok looked much the same as the Masai Reserve on the other side of the fence. Tall weeds choked the grass and there were thick clumps of indigenous bush, for the Masai do not normally live at such heights. To-day, on the European farms fields of wheat stretch to the horizon and pastures support fine herds of cattle and flocks of sheep of European breeds. The transformation is all the more remarkable in the middle of Kenya's emergency. Here is proof that the Mau Mau cannot deter those with the British pioneering spirit.

These farms of Mau-Narok are on the edge of Kenya's emergency zone, but little terrorist activity has occurred here. This has been a great boon to the new settlers, for they have had their work cut out in starting from scratch.

SIGNPOST TO ADVENTURE: In the Mau-Narok area of Kenya, some seventy miles west of Nairobi, the board gives the names of the pioneers who have come into this hitherto uncultivated district, and the distance to their holdings. They are under the control of the Kenya European Agricultural Settlement Board.

AN EXCELLENT HARVEST: Mr. Geoffrey Swindlehurst holds a handful of the produce of his combine harvester. He came to Mau-Narok two years ago from Preston, in Lancashire, and his crop last year doubled the average per acre for Kenya.

WOMEN TAKE THEIR FULL SHARE IN THE WORK: *Left*—Mrs. Hamilton Fletcher mows the lawn outside the house she and her husband built. Apart from the metal window-frames, its components are bamboo, wood, grass and mud. It cost £80. *Right*—With the help of a herdsman, Mrs. Hamilton Fletcher clips a sheep on the farm.

AN EARLY-MORNING CALL: Mr. Dick Mason listens soon after dawn to an Elderly Dorobo and his son, who are accompanied by an official of the Forestry Department, explaining some domestic dispute.

Developing a farm means taming part of Africa, and Africa is not easily tamed. In many of the roughly-built farm homesteads leopard skins on the floor tell their own story. Families of colobus monkeys chatter in the gloom of the bush edging the wheat-fields, and the farmers must keep a constant eye open for stray ostriches and zebras, which can do great damage if allowed to roam unchecked.

There are no text-books to tell these farmers just what to plant and when. At an altitude of 9,000 ft. and higher, the climate may be much the same as in Britain, with a good rainfall, cool weather and plenty of humus in the soil. But in Britain the sun does not blaze down vertically. At 9,000 ft. above sea-level Kenya is a different proposition from East Anglia.

There is much still to be found out about farming in this zone near the Equator. The pioneers are learning the hard way from their own mistakes.

Geoffrey Swindlehurst, twenty-nine, accountant-turned farmer from Preston, Lancashire, has discovered something useful about cattle. But the lesson has cost him four calves. In future he will not bring in cows-in-calf, but allow them first to be bitten by the local ticks and acquire resistance before they become pregnant.

He has harvested his second wheat crop, and while Kenya's average is only five bags to the acre, he has been averaging ten. He is the lucky owner (on hire-purchase terms) of one of the latest combine-harvesters,

INSPECTING THE FARM : Mr. Tim Hamilton Fletcher talks to one of the herdsmen on the rolling fields of their highland estate. Behind him in the Land-Rover his wife is sitting.

MEASURING TIMBER : Mr. Hallowes takes the measurements of a log from the manager of the sawmills, Mr. Giovanni Salomon. The wood will be used for building new farms.

A LAND OF OPPORTUNITY : Mr. B. Hallowes, on the right, is the District Agent for Mau-Narok. He is showing an unoccupied farm to a prospective tenant. This picture gives an idea of the splendid open countryside of wide fields, interspersed with patches of bush, with the forest beyond.

HARVEST-TIME : Mr. Dick Mason stops on his ride round his farm to talk with the Kikuyu driver of the tractor garnering the harvest. Mr. Mason first learnt to know Kenya from the air—when he was in the Royal Air Force.

which takes a 12-ft. swathe out of the wheatfield every time it trundles up and down.

So busy have Mr. Swindlehurst and his wife been on the farm that their house remains a design on paper. They have been living in the farm's garage-workshop, and the dining-table stands astride the inspection pit, floored over now that there is a baby in the house.

Two hundred yards down the dusty road, Tim Hamilton Fletcher laid up his motor-cycle nearly two years ago. Since setting out from his home in Dorset this young adventurer has travelled 19,000 miles round the world by motor-cycle. In Kenya he decided to settle after a visit home to bring back his bride from Exeter.

The Hamilton Fletchers' house is one of the quaintest and cheapest on the settlement. It cost £80, and except for the metal window-frames all the materials came from the farm. The bamboo and the wood are from the forest, the grass and the mud for the walls from the fields.

When the "oldest inhabitant" of Mau-Narok, forty-nine-year-old Dick Mason, bumped his head on the rafters at the "house-warming," Mr. Hamilton Fletcher promptly excavated another 6 ins. out of the floor. So the house to-day is a picturesque mud-and-wattle cottage, with a glorious view down to the Great Rift Valley.

Mr. Mason first knew Mau-Narok when he was still in the R.A.F., trying to locate the beacons with which he could "tie-up" the aerial survey maps. He became the first tenant at Mau-Narok and now owns the land with which he started. His wife is an expert on interior decorating.

(*Concluded on following page*)

SHEEP ALSO FLOURISH IN MAU-NAROK : The shepherd, clad in skins and armed with a spear instead of a crook, discusses points of the flock with Mr. Mason, who was the first tenant in this district. Now Mr. Mason is the "oldest inhabitant" and owns the land with which he started.

ADVENTURE IN KENYA

Continued from previous page)

Another authority on this subject is Mrs. Wynne Ritchie. She and her husband came to Kenya from Cambridge. Not only have they 300 acres of former forest under wheat and a fine dairy herd of cattle, but one of the most ambitious houses on the estate.

Like all the settlers here, the Ritchies built with an eye on future development. And so it is that the wooden shack in which they started off now forms part of their big double-storey house.

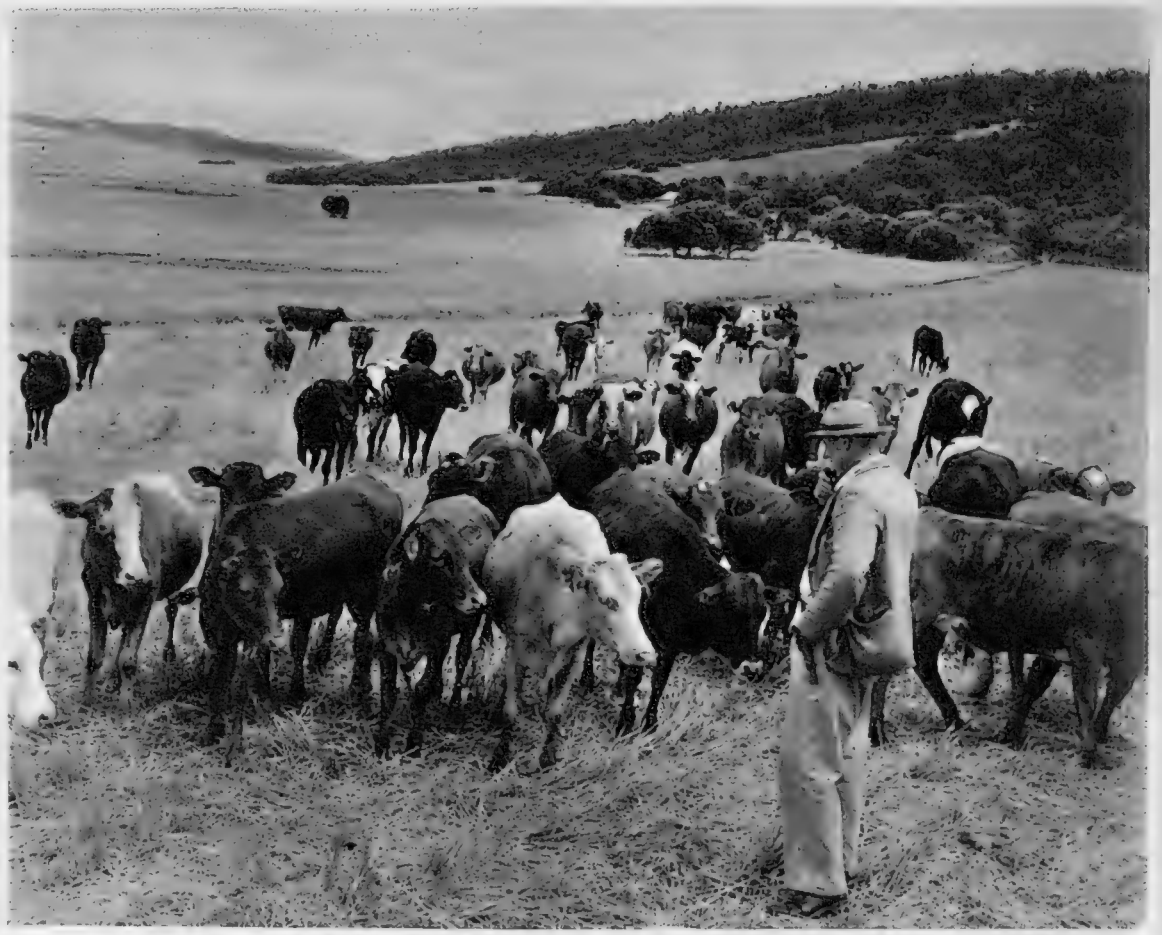
Mau-Narok is no flat plateau. Set on the western lip of the Rift Valley, it consists of clearings in the dense mist-forest, with farms roughly on two levels. Between the two a grass escarpment rises. It is clothed here and there with forest, rich in workable timbers and still very much alive with small game.

It may be asked : what brought the Swindlehursts, the Hamilton Fletchers, the Masons and the other twenty settler families to this part of Africa ?

Some were already in Kenya, others were attracted by the love of adventure and a new life from Britain. The machinery which got them started on the land was Kenya's European Agricultural Settlement Board.

For each tenant, it meant putting down a substantial sum in working capital, besides finding the 4½ per cent. of the farm value in annual rent. It also meant going "back to school," either at Kenya's Egerton Agricultural College or on a good local farm to acquire the essential facts about farming in Kenya.

But they have all made the grade and are developing their 500- to 900-acre holdings on an intensive scale with mechanical means. It is the Board's policy to use every possible acre of land on each farm—a policy now being followed, incidentally, by all the progressive European farmers in Kenya.



FOUNDATION STOCK FOR A FARM : The cattle are being examined by Mr. Hallowes, who besides being District Agent is also the manager for the Kenya European Agricultural Settlement Board. Some of the settlers on the farms in Mau-Narok have fine herds of dairy cattle.

THE LATEST MACHINERY IS EMPLOYED : Mr. Hamilton Fletcher sets up the new disc plough for his farm. All the holdings in Mau-Narok are developed intensively by mechanical means.

A COMBINE HARVESTER IN ACTION IN THE HIGHLANDS OF KENYA : Mr. Geoffrey Swindlehurst reaps a first-year field of wheat with his 12-ft. combine harvester. In the background is a wheat-field which has been already harvested and produced a crop well above the average for Kenya.

THE FARMER'S ROUND NEVER CEASES : The tractor ploughs the field after the wheat harvest has been reaped. The scene is on the farm of Mr. Tim Hamilton Fletcher, who comes from Dorset. He brought his wife to Kenya from Exeter.

WORK IS UNDISTURBED ON THE EDGE OF A DISTRICT OF TERROR : Mr. Hamilton Fletcher adjusts a joint on the disc plough behind the tractor. The farms of Mau-Narok are on the border of the zone in which Mau Mau operate.

FINAL BRIEFING BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE MIDDLE EAST : Troops of the 16th Independent Parachute Brigade listen to last-minute instructions as they wait on the grass beside their aircraft at Blackbushe Airport. Their kit and equipment, laid in a long line behind them, provided the only seating accommodation in the majority of cases during the long flight, since the Shackletons of Coastal Command that were used for most of the operation are not designed for transporting troops. The Parachute Brigade, minus one of its battalions, has been flown to Cyprus as a precautionary measure to protect British interests in view of the tension rising in the Middle East.

LAST MOMENTS ON THE GROUND : A general view of the scene at Blackbushe Airport as the paratroopers prepared to embark in the awaiting planes. Brigadier A. M. H. Butler, who commands 16th Independent Parachute Brigade, said before leaving in the first plane, "We are going there to be ready for anything."

PARATROOPERS TAKE OFF FOR CYPRUS

1,200 Men of 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Leave Blackbushe, in Hampshire

One of the biggest airlifts since the war took place from Blackbushe, when two battalions of the Parachute Regiment left with the Headquarters Group of 16th Independent Parachute Brigade for the Middle East. They were sent to Cyprus because the Government have thought it desirable "as a precautionary measure to increase the number of troops at the disposal of the C.-in-C. for the protection of British subjects in the area." The chief anxiety is felt over Jordan. Since General Templer's visit to that country and the question of Jordan's possible adhesion to the Bagdad Pact, a strong Arab Nationalist movement has arisen threatening the stability of the Throne and the Government. Riots took place in Amman and a British colonel seconded to the Arab Legion was brutally murdered. An immediate curfew was clamped down on the city and the Legion took over. The censorship was so rigid that it was not until several days later that the world knew of the severity of the rioting. Following the formation of a new Jordan Cabinet, Dr. Hussein Fakhri el Khalidi, the new Foreign Minister, said that the Government's policy would be not to commit Jordan to any new pact. He added that he did not consider alliance with Egypt, Syria and Saudi-Arabia a new pact, since Jordan was already a member of the Arab League.

STOWING THEIR HEAVY KIT BEFORE EMBARKING : Paratroopers, under the looming shape of a Shackleton, pass their kitbags up into the aircraft. The contra-rotating propellers of the Shackleton and its unusual nose give it a distinctive appearance.

ALL ABOARD FOR THE MIDDLE EAST : Wearing life-jackets, men of the 1st and 3rd Battalions of the Parachute Regiment board an aircraft at Blackbushe. One of the planes which left with troops had to return an hour later, having been struck by lightning.

SCENES IN BRITAIN

The Home News in Pictures from England and Wales

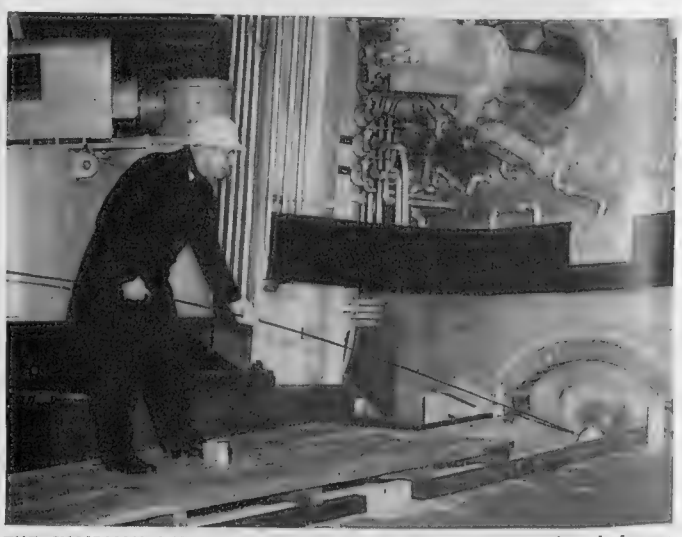
THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF BRAZIL PAYS A FLYING VISIT TO LONDON : Senhor Juscelino Kubitschek, standing between the two Royal Air Force officers, poses for cameramen at London Airport. He had just flown in to London Airport to spend twenty-four hours in London at the outset of his West European tour. A guard of honour of the R.A.F. (behind on the right) was mounted for him. The President-Elect drove to Buckingham Palace, where he was invested by the Queen as a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire.

SENHOR KUBITSCHEK AT DOWNING STREET : The President-Elect greeted by Sir Anthony Eden at No. 10. The Prime Minister gave a dinner in honour of the President-Elect of Brazil during his visit.

THE NEW VICAR OF ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS : The Rev. S. Austen Williams sits with his wife and children, Gregory and Catherine, in Clifton, Bristol, where he has been Vicar of St. Alban's Church since 1951. Aged forty-three, he succeeds the new Bishop of Worcester, the Rt. Rev. L. M. Charles-Edwards, at St. Martin's.

A MEMORIAL EXHIBITION TO A GREAT BALLET DESIGNER : Frederick Ashton, Director of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, examines a costume designed by Sophie Fedorovitch (who died in 1953) at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in South Kensington, London. With Mr. Ashton, who opened the exhibition in her memory, are, from left, Meriel Evans, Alexander Grant and John Hart, who are leading members of the Sadler's Wells Ballet.

THE LARGEST BLAST-FURNACE IN EUROPE STARTS WORKING : Within this structure of pipes and chimneys at the Margam Works, in South Wales, is housed the No. 4 blast-furnace, which started working last week. On the right is the gas-cleaning plant, and on the left are the slag-heaps. The furnace, which is 242 ft. high, has a hearth diameter of 20 ft. 9 ins. and an iron-making capacity of more than 10,000 tons per week.



THE CHAIRMAN STARTS THE BLAST : Mr. Harald Peake, the chairman of the Steel Company of Wales, wears a standard safety helmet to place the copper tube burning a gas-jet into the interior of the No. 4 furnace to light it. Mr. Peake, who is a director of banking interests and other financial concerns in the City of London, has recently added the Steel Works at Port Talbot, in South Wales, to his many activities. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, where he won a rowing Blue, he was in the R.A.F. during the last war.

INQUEST ON A DEAD WHALE : Children examine with interest the corpse of a whale which had been swept ashore on the rocks at Porthleven, near Penzance, in Cornwall. This bottle-nose member of its species was brought in alive on a high tide and impaled on the jagged stones before it expired. Weighing over 2 tons and 17 ft. in length, it was not practicable to float it off and tow it out to sea. So the mammal began decomposing, and was soon regarded as a public nuisance—except to children of the locality.

A FAMOUS VILLAGE CHURCH IN NEED OF REPAIR : An appeal for £1,000 has been launched for urgently needed repairs to the church at Nettleham, near Lincoln. The present building, on the foundations of an earlier church, was started in the early thirteenth century. On the walls are some fine medieval paintings. Nettleham is an important village in the history of Britain, for it was here on February 7, 1301, that King Edward I executed the charter proclaiming his son Prince of Wales. The King was staying at the time in the Bishop's house in Nettleham for the famous Lincoln Parliament.

On right—

THE RAVAGES OF TIME : The Vicar of Nettleham, the Rev. H. G. Herrington, examines a serious crack in the base of the tower of the medieval church. In the interior of the church the chancel arches are in need of immediate repair.

A MEET IN THE SNOW : Members of the Quorn gather at Widmerpool Hall, Keyworth, Nottinghamshire, for a meet during some of the first snows of 1956. Widmerpool Hall is a training school for patrolmen of the Automobile Association. The Hunt was invited to meet here by the A.A., one of whose officers is seen carrying a tray across the snow-covered lawn. Many members of the Hunt enjoyed the service of stirrup cups offered them by the Association. Widmerpool is in the north of the Quorn country.

NIGERIA SHOWS LONDON EXAMPLES OF THE ART AND CULTURE WHICH THE QUEEN WILL SEE ON HER FORTHCOMING TOUR OF THAT COUNTRY : *Left*—Sir Mortimer Wheeler, the distinguished archæologist, talks with Dame Margot Fonteyn, the ballet dancer, who was honoured in the recent List; Mrs. V. A. Wilson, the wife of the Secretary to Western Nigeria, and Chief Michael Okorodudu, at the office of the Commissioner for Western Nigeria in London. Sir Mortimer had just opened an exhibition of paintings by students of the College of Arts, Science and Technology in Ibadan. *Right*—This is a corner of the display in the exhibition entitled "Nigeria Welcomes the Queen," which is open until March 25 at the Imperial Institute, in South Kensington, London. The arts and crafts of the peoples of all the regions of Nigeria are on view. There are already several hundred exhibits. More will be added, especially photographs, as the Queen proceeds on her tour of Nigeria which starts next week.

"HOW I KILLED JANET MARSHALL"

The Self-confessed Murderer Re-enacts His Killing of the English School-teacher in France

When the body of a young woman was found on a track off the Amiens-Abbeville road on August 28 last year, the French police were presented with their most puzzling crime since the Drummond murders in 1952. The victim in Normandy was an English school-teacher from Nottingham, Janet Marshall, aged twenty-nine. She had been on a cycling tour of France, and had been staying in Youth Hostels and a vast number of people were questioned who might have met her and been able to throw light upon the mystery. For instance, to England alone the French police sent a list of 1,700 cyclists who had left the Channel ports in the three days after the murder. Some of these made depositions at Bow Street.

From hundreds of descriptions of strangers seen in the area of the murder, the police constructed a composite picture of the criminal. Until this month there had been sixteen suspects in the case. But they had all cleared themselves upon investigation. Then, ten days ago, Robert Avril, a forty-four-year-old ex-convict, confessed he had attempted to assault Miss Marshall, and that when she resisted him they had struggled and he had strangled her with a rope. On the following day he was taken to the scene of the crime and re-enacted the murder.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE: Maitre Marcepoil (on the left) arrives with Avril at Picquigny. The body of Janet Marshall, a twenty-nine-year-old school-teacher from Nottingham, was found off the Amiens-Abbeville road.

AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME: Robert Avril (centre, wearing beret), who last week confessed to killing Janet Marshall, stands on the track near Picquigny, where the crime was committed. On left, with cigarette, is Maitre Marcepoil, defending counsel, and extreme left, M. Detraux, the examining magistrate.

On right—

"I KILLED HER THUS": With Police Inspector Lelievre lying where the body was found last August, Avril shows the authorities the various stages in his crime. In his confession he admitted that he had been convicted before for other crimes.

THE EXAMINING MAGISTRATE SETS THE SCENE: M. Detraux (left) indicates to Inspector Lelievre (right) where he is to lie, before Avril (centre) re-enacts the murder. Maitre Marcepoil, defending, is between M. Detraux and Avril.

THE MURDER IS RE-ENACTED: Avril kneels over the inspector playing the part of the victim. The left hand of the self-confessed criminal was mutilated years ago when a detonator exploded in it. He is showing how he killed Janet Marshall by strangling her with a rope.

A.A. TO THE RESCUE OF SNOW-BOUND MOTORISTS

Automobile Association Patrols are Soon on the Scene in Lincolnshire During One of the Most Severe Snow Storms for Many Years

AN A.A. RADIO ROAD SERVICE PATROL ARRIVES ON THE SCENE : The Land-Rover is approaching a snow-bound car at the Lincolnshire village of East Barkwith to assist the motorist in digging-out operations. An A.A. call box can be seen in the left background, close to the road junction.

AN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION PATROL ASSISTS A STRANDED MOTORIST TO RETRIEVE HIS CAR FROM A DEEP COVERING OF SNOW : The scene is near East Barkwith, in Lincolnshire, and is typical of the severe road conditions in the county during the recent blizzard which swept across Eastern England. The snow was particularly heavy in Lincolnshire and A.A. patrols were out in force to assist the thousands of stranded motorists. In order to give as much help as possible the A.A. operated a special emergency information centre near Louth, to let motorists know the location of blocked roads and of alternative routes. Thanks to the flexibility and speed of the A.A. radio system, additional help was quickly concentrated in areas most needed, and motorists were able to get the latest information about the state of the roads. An additional help was the nightly A.A. map put out on Television. This gave a vivid picture of the snow barrier which the motorists had to encounter. The blizzard in Lincolnshire was the worst in the county for many years.

"ROAD BLOCKED AHEAD, TRAFFIC DIVERSION" : An A.A. patrol assists in the control and direction of traffic at a road junction at Wragby. Patrols were soon on the scene at junctions to help motorists find an alternative route in places where the roads were blocked.

ON THE SPOT AT THE RIGHT TIME : A radio message is received by an A.A. radio road service patrol near Louth. The advantage of the A.A.'s specially adapted Land-Rover is that it is able to negotiate various difficult road conditions and to go almost anywhere in the snow.

A ROADSIDE CONFERENCE TO ARRANGE HELP FOR AN ISOLATED VILLAGE : Standing near a snow-plough at Burgh-on-Bain, between Louth and Wragby, an A.A. patrol prepares a message for the police and local highway authorities before telephoning the information from a near-by call box. This Lincolnshire village was cut off by 6-ft.-deep snow drifts for two days. *On right*—A patrol is ready to give help to a long line of stranded vehicles on a road near Grantham.

The Sphere of Travel

TAKING THE WATERS IN EUROPEAN SPAS

Where, However, the Appeal To-day Attracts many Perfectly Healthy Holidaymakers

By GORDON COOPER

THIS article is not concerned with suggestions on where to go for the treatment of various human ailments. That is entirely a matter for proper medical advice. My purpose, in fact, is to tell the healthy holidaymaker about some of the spas in Western Europe where he can have a most enjoyable time without going in for any "cure," although quite often the apparently perfectly fit person can benefit by taking one or other of the treatments, especially those connected with baths.

Long before holidays, as we know them to-day, were ever invented, "taking the waters" at a spa was the recognised means whereby fashionable society obtained a change of scene, usually on the pretext of repairing over-indulgence at the table. (Nowadays an equally valid pretext would be the rush of modern life.) Yet, although the flesh had to be mortified for a time, our ancestors, dating back to the time of the Romans and probably earlier, found that any austerity involved could be linked with relaxation. This took the form of various entertainments, especially gambling, which may explain why even to-day many of the finest casinos are to be found in spas. Linked, too, with gambling facilities are various other forms of recreation, such as golf, tennis and horse-racing, musical and theatrical performances, dress shows, and so on. In fact, at the leading watering-places every attempt is made to banish boredom. In addition, many spas are situated amidst lovely scenery, and there are excellent opportunities for excursions.

The generic name of "spa" comes from the town of Spa in Belgium, which has a long history, although the reputation of its waters dates only to the sixteenth century. This pleasantly-situated town in the Ardennes attracted many distinguished "bobelins" (foreign visitors), including Charles II during his exile, and the Duke of Wellington. The former fashionable atmosphere has now largely disappeared, being largely replaced by an influx of dyspeptic Belgians, Europe's leading gourmands, but the town and its surroundings are quite pleasant for a holiday, although I prefer Chaudfontaine, another spa not far from Liège.

Farther south, in the Duchy of Luxembourg, there is the delightful spa of Mondorf-les-Bains, situated a dozen miles from the capital, Luxembourg City. It is a good base for excursions into the pleasing countryside to the north, and across the frontier to the valley of the Moselle.

All in all, I would say that at the present time the leading German spas retain an atmosphere of elegance which is not marked in many resorts which claim to-day to be fashionable—a description that often merely indicates they are popular. I like, too, their sense of dignity and repose, and the beautifully-tended gardens and parks. Musical entertainments play a considerable part in the programmes offered to visitors. The hotel standards are, as one would expect, impeccable, and English is generally spoken.

Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden are the two leading German spas, and both are well-placed for making excursions, the former into the Black Forest, the latter into the Rhineland. Also in the Black Forest are Badenweiler and Wildbad—delightful resorts. Then, not far from Wiesbaden are such well-known watering-places as Bad Nauheim and Bad Homburg, both of which I visited recently and considered most attractive. These two districts of Germany have, however, many other spas, including Bühlerhöhe, to which Dr. Adenauer repairs from time to time, and where there is a particularly delightful luxury hotel—the Kurhaus Bühlerhöhe.

Blessed with a good digestion, good health and a strong constitution, I still possess a curious hankering for taking the treatment at certain spas: Mergentheim, for instance, where weight reduction is the speciality, and Wörishofen, farther south, with its Kneipp water-cure. The former is a good centre for visiting some attractive towns along the "Romantic Road," including Rothenburg and Würzburg. Then, not far from Berchtesgaden is Reichenhall, ideally situated for exploring what I consider to be the most impressive portion of the Bavarian Alps.

SWITZERLAND: Leukerbad nestles in a pocket of the Valais, and is half-encircled by tremendous precipices. It is one of two Swiss spas favoured by Gordon Cooper, the other being Bad Ragaz, on the country's eastern border.

In Austria, Badgastein ranks as one of Europe's most fashionable spas. Here are some first-class hotels. Lying in a narrow valley, with wild mountains rising on three sides, a roaring river leaps right down through the centre of the town, falling in two splendid waterfalls. If you lodge close to these cataracts, the noise is almost deafening—but I glory in it. I like also the simplicity of the "cure"—designed for rejuvenation of the system—which merely consists in sitting in a bath in your hotel for a fixed period daily.

For those who want a simpler resort, but with the same waters, there is near-by Hofgastein; the hotel prices are more modest than in Badgastein. Both these places are recommended for those seeking a mountain holiday.

In Italy, the two leading spas are Montecatini and Salsomaggiore, and I would place both in the elegant category. The former is excellently-situated in Northern Tuscany, and could be used as a base for exploring such famous art cities as Florence, Pisa, Lucca, Prato and Pistoia. Salsomaggiore, beautifully situated, is also a good excursion centre for visiting some Italian cities, such as Parma, Cremona and Mantua, which are often rather neglected, although all contain buildings and art treasures of outstanding importance. Not to be forgotten either is that the cooking in this part of Italy has a long and celebrated tradition, and the superb Parma cheese plays an important part in many of the dishes. In fact, I don't think you should visit this spa with the purpose of being put on a slimming diet!

Of the Swiss spas, two I favour are Bad Ragaz and Leukerbad. The former lies on the country's eastern border, close to Liechtenstein and the Grisons, while to the north and west is North-West Switzerland, comparatively unknown to tourists, but which I regard as being rewarding to the person wanting to get away from the beaten track.

Leukerbad (also known as Loèche-les-Bains) nestles in a pocket of the Valais, and is half-encircled by tremendous precipices. It has been famed since Roman times. A curious sight is the bathhouse, where patients sit for hours up to their necks in the water, while in front of them float wooden tables holding coffee-cups, newspapers, playing-cards, etc. Like Bad Ragaz, Leukerbad offers during the season a round of organised entertainments, but opportunities for excursions, except on foot and then fairly strenuous, are not outstanding.

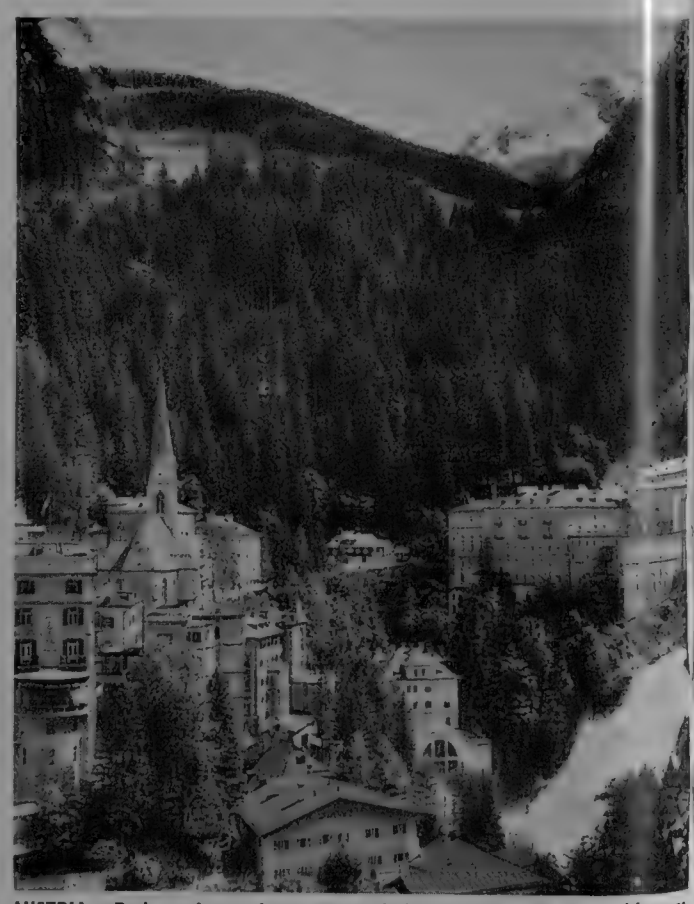
France is rich in spas, and they are often of ancient origin. Many of these watering-places are dotted about in the Vosges and the Alps, amongst the extinct volcanoes of the Central Plateau, and in the Pyrenees—all districts of scenic beauty and splendid air. All the leading resorts provide first-class entertainments, including casinos.

It is almost invidious to make a brief selection of the many attractive thermal stations, but I don't think anyone would be disappointed with La Bourboule and Le Mont-Dore, in the Central Plateau, near Puy-de-Dôme, Luchon and Bagnères-de-Bigorre in the French Pyrenees, Aix-les-Bains and Evian in Savoy; at the latter place, located beside Lake Geneva, I can strongly recommend the Hotel La Verniaz, where guests are accommodated in chalets. There are facilities for horse-riding, and the cuisine has earned a well-deserved Michelin star. Britons are warmly welcomed and outside the High Season are quoted special terms. It's certainly a place to which I would willingly return. I like, too, very much the two spas I mentioned in the Pyrenees.

Despite the great popularity of Spain with Britons, it is rather regrettable that much of the holiday traffic is canalised to the Balearics and the Costa Brava. After all, there are many other delightful parts of the country where you don't find yourself in the constant company of your compatriots. I am of the opinion, for instance, that Asturias and Galicia, in North-West Spain, are extremely attractive. In the latter province there are some excellent spas with good hotels. The most widely-renowned of these is La Toja, which lies on a tiny islet, a veritable floating garden in a protected bay and linked to the mainland by a bridge. It is an idyllic spot, with excellent facilities for bathing on the various superb sea beaches, and I think most of the people who go there are not in need of medicinal waters—they are simply taking a seaside holiday. The luxury Gran Hotel is beautifully situated by the water's edge, while near by and under the same management are four lower category hotels providing accommodation at cheaper prices. These establishments are only open during the summer.

It is best, I think, if you should consider going to Galicia, to take your own car. This enables you to visit the very many wonderful places that are to be found there. They include Vigo, Santiago de Compostela, Corunna and Lugo, while the roads that run round the different *rias* (fjordlike bays) take you into a superb countryside, reminiscent somewhat of Western Ireland and the Western Isles of Scotland. I must give the warning that it does rain a lot in this part of Spain, so go prepared in this respect.

Information about individual spas is best obtained by writing direct to the local information offices. Remember, however, that outside of the High Season these places, like most seaside resorts, tend to become rather dreary.



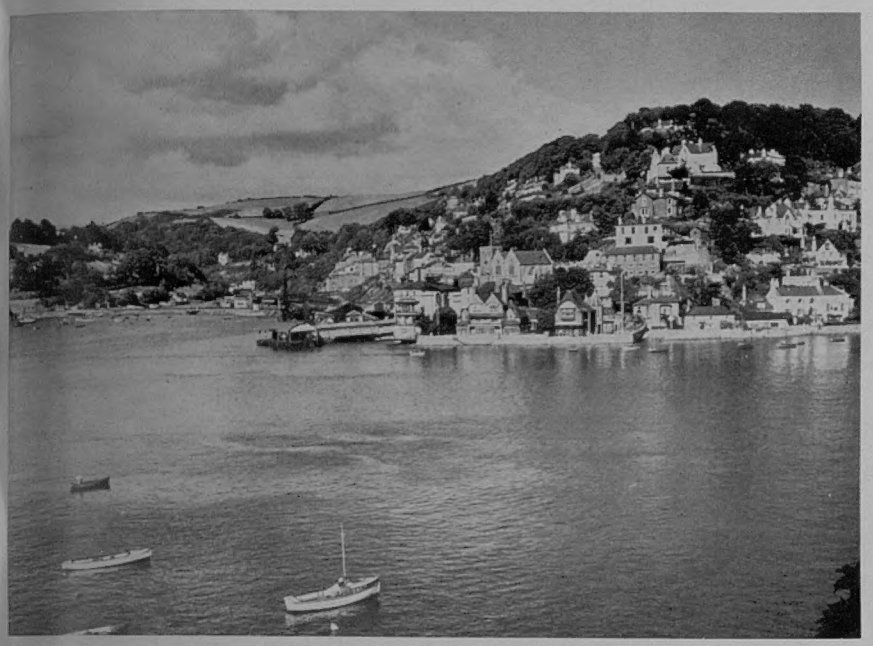
AUSTRIA: Badgastein ranks as one of Europe's most fashionable spas. Lying in a narrow valley, with wild mountains rising on three sides, a roaring river leaps right down through the centre of the town.

EXPLORING SOUTH DEVON

Using Torquay as a Centre, the Holiday-maker can Visit many Well-known Places West of the River Exe

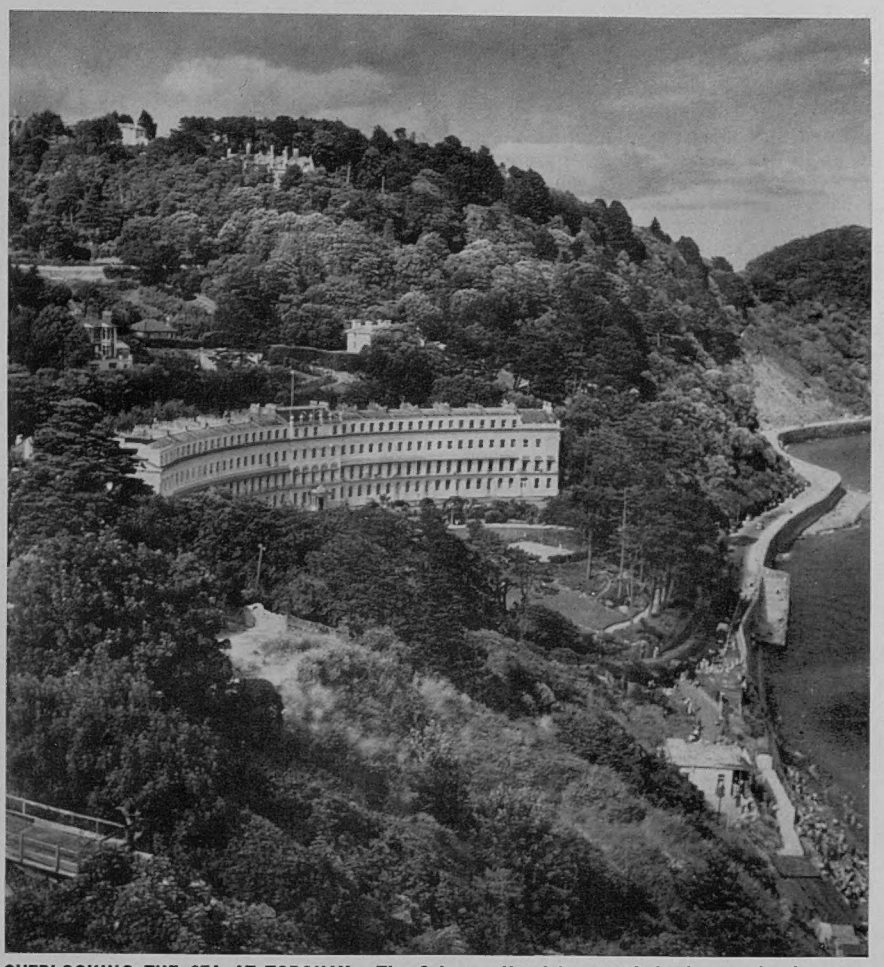
Written and Illustrated by J. ALLAN CASH

LOOKING DOWN ON BLACKPOOL SANDS, AN ATTRACTIVE LITTLE BAY SURROUNDED ON THREE SIDES BY HILLS : It is seen from the road which leads from Dartmouth along the coast-line of Start Bay. Farther along this delightful road is the small hamlet of Torcross.



KINGSWEAR IS AT THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER DART ON THE OPPOSITE BANK TO DARTMOUTH : Passenger and car ferries link the two towns. The Dartmouth Regatta, whose yacht races start from Kingswear, is the climax of the annual Torbay week in August.

THE ESTUARY OF THE RIVER DART SEEN FROM THE HILLSIDE OF DARTMOUTH : At the entrance stand two old castles. In summer there are steamer excursions up the river through delightful country to Totnes. There are some attractive villages along the valley.



OVERLOOKING THE SEA AT TORQUAY : The Osborne Hotel is one of the largest in the town and occupies a fine position close to the sea. Torquay is a large seaside resort with many beaches, a fine harbour for sailing craft, an excellent promenade and other amenities. From it one is able to tour many parts of South Devon west of the River Exe.

IN THE HARBOUR AT BRIXHAM : This is one of the more picturesque fishing towns of South Devon, the small harbour often being full of various craft. There are several bathing beaches in the vicinity, and there is a fine view from the cliffs across Torbay.

Those contemplating an early holiday this year and not wishing to go abroad may well be thinking of South Devon. It has an early spring and is often basking in warm sunshine when the rest of the country is still struggling with the end of winter.

It has all kinds of seaside resorts, some large and fashionable, others small and quiet, besides a number of quaint and picturesque fishing ports. Then there are pretty villages inland, and prosperous-looking market towns. There is a coast which varies from sandy coves, sheltered inlets and pebble beaches, to lofty cliffs and wild rocks. Inland lies perhaps the finest stretch of moorland in the country, Dartmoor.

The choice of a centre must be made, so let us make it Torquay. From here you are able easily to reach all that is worth visiting, besides which it is a large town itself with a lot to offer. Your next problem will be what to see and how to fit it in.

One of your first trips will possibly be to Cockington, described by some as one of the prettiest villages in England. It is only a short distance inland to Totnes, but be sure to visit the ruins of the thirteenth-century Berry Pomeroy Castle on your way. Totnes has the last bridge crossing the River Dart before it reaches the sea. Continue along the road towards Buckfastleigh, on the way looking at fourteenth-century Dartington Hall, now a centre of education. At Buckfastleigh is the abbey, rebuilt in recent years.

Buckland-in-the-Moor and Widecombe-in-the-Moor are now within easy distance and well worth a look. But remember Dartmoor is renowned not only for its beauty but also for its rolling mists, so do not wander off the road on a doubtful day.

Two roads cross Dartmoor diagonally, meeting at Two Bridges, close beside the gloomy prison walls of Princetown. North and south there are no roads at all for many miles, only the hills and the heather which provide grand walking country.

Southwards from Torquay you pass through Paignton, and go on to the picturesque fishing town of Brixham. Following the same road through attractive green rolling countryside, you descend to Kingswear, on the River Dart. There are three ferries to be found here and all take motor vehicles to Dartmouth.

Climb the hill out of Dartmouth and on to Blackpool Sands. I cannot claim as fine sand here as will be found at the more famous northern resort, but it is a charming little bay. Slapton Sands soon become visible after passing Strete. On one side of the road is the beach, yet on the other there is a large expanse of fresh water called Slapton Ley. Next comes Salcombe, standing at the mouth of the Kingsbridge estuary. If you approach from Slapton Sands you must go inland, round by Kingsbridge. A ferry connects the east and west banks at Salcombe, but motor vehicles cannot be taken.

Do not be afraid to take the small side roads in this part of Devon. Most are good enough for motor traffic, and the delights of coming across a small village church, or some unexpected view from a hilltop are very rewarding. This is the land of deep Devon lanes with enormously high banks. Many spots merit your leaving the car and enjoying the country on foot.

You can continue along the main road, as far as Plymouth. Or you can cut across to Ivybridge from Modbury and make your way to Yelverton and on to Tavistock. A few miles north of Plymouth, near Yelverton, stands Buckland Abbey, now restored, containing the Drake Museum, for this is where Drake lived.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A RECEIVER OF LETTERS

Sir Sydney Cockerell's Post-bag ; An American Observer in Italy ; Aborigines in the Pacific ; An Appreciation of Cats ; New Fiction and Books of Short Stories

IT is a solemn thought that there are not only writers of letters, but writees—a separate and distinct class of persons who must obviously inspire letter-writing in others as positively as if they took pen in hand themselves (as they doubtless must from time to time in between the opening of envelopes and the reading of missives). Sir Sydney Cockerell, who has been a famous and immensely successful Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, has corresponded during his long life with men and women of distinction and brilliance, and it is a selection of their letters to him, with only a few explanatory notes of his own, which have been edited by Viola Meynell. Fifteen years ago or more there was an earlier volume of such letters, but it can scarcely have skimmed the cream from the top of Sir Sydney's fabulous correspondence. The present book, charmingly titled THE BEST OF FRIENDS (Rupert Hart-Davis. 25s.), contains letters from people as varied in their interests and in their backgrounds as Watts-Dunton, Alec Guinness, Max Beerbohm, Axel Munthe, Lord Wavell and Ernest Harris, who, as a boy, helped to fix a new bookshelf for William Morris's overflow of books. A wonderful collection this, and full of treasures and surprises—"Money, money, money I must have"—from Bernard Shaw, for example, as well as the delights of Freya Stark's letters, the radiance of spirit in the many letters from the Abbess of Stanbrook, and the pervading atmosphere of affection in which the greater part of this correspondence has been conducted.

"The Creator made Italy from designs by Michel-Angelo," said Mark Twain, and a present-day author, Mr. Herbert Kubly, has found, after many months of living and travelling there, that "Italy is the land of human nature. . . . One of the first things I learned on arriving there is that the Italian dearly loves to talk." Luckily for readers, Mr. Kubly as dearly loves to listen and record, so that his book of findings, STRANGER IN ITALY (Gollancz. 18s.), is magnificent in its scope and very moving in its detail.

Mr. Kubly was in Italy for fourteen months under a research grant from the U.S. State Department. He listened and he observed, always with the background of the U.S. situation as it has applied to Italy since the war, with the E.C.A. and other U.S. Government agencies having invested 3,500,000,000 dollars in that country. A sum as enormous as that, even by post-war reckoning, demands some sort of return, either economically or in terms of friendship, and, as the author writes: "The rise in Italian Communism and Fascism is in direct proportion to the decline in American prestige." Mr. Kubly had, in effect, a kind of watching brief, and he has acquitted himself very well, partly because of his nature as a writer and partly because of his first and constant premise that any anti-American sentiment in Italy is due to a lack of reciprocal exchanges of ideas and experience. That Italians should like talking is both fine and, in such a case, useful. That Americans should have such receptive envoys is equally important.

ISLANDS OF TO-MORROW (Rupert Hart-Davis. 18s.) explores a different kind of life, for Mr. John-Erik Elmberg, its author, set out from Marseilles via India and Ceylon to make a film of the aborigines of the South-West Pacific, and brought back with him to Sweden an account of the daily lives of people in Papua and New Zealand, a record of their mythology and their tribal customs, and his assessment of their manner of thinking. Such an inquiry might have been impossible to an aloof observer, but with Mr. Elmberg's identification of himself with the lives of the people he visited and lived with, it was possible to get a very intimate record and, for that reason, a very significant book. The translation has been made by Naomi Walford.

I never know why cats should be called domestic animals, because it is well known—even by cat devotees—that their only association with a home is their expectation of shelter, warmth and regular meals. Which shows them to be sensible but not necessarily domesticated. Cat-appreciators, however, really are a domesticated breed, and some of them, notably this author—and his publisher—are both percipient and articulate on the subject of their silky and independent pals. CAT'S CRADLE (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Aubrey de Selincourt's account of the cats, occasional dogs and hedgehogs, which have shared his life in an Isle of Wight cottage. Apart from the charm and humour of the writing, the most remarkable thing about this book is the fact that the de Selincourts have also loved and protected the birds in their garden from their equally loved felines.

RETIRING AFTER A LIFETIME IN THE CIRCUS : Mr. Bernard Mills shakes hands with Mr. Percy Huxter, the only white-faced clown ever to appear in the ring before a reigning British Sovereign at a public performance, who is to retire when the London season ends at Olympia next month. He was seen by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they went to the Bertram Mills Circus just before Christmas. Mr. Huxter, who is sixty-one, was born into circus life, his father being a rider who appeared at the Henglers Circus (the Palladium building) in London in 1895. His first show was at Olympia in 1920–21. Mr. Huxter will retire to Worcester where he will spend his time gardening and tending his orchard.

ALL IS NOT BUTTER (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.) is Mr. Robert Banning's story of his first years on a Wisconsin dairy farm, inherited from his father as an ironic bequest to a son who had long since fled the Middle West and its hard work and bucolic pleasures. Mr. Banning was brought up on the farm, but on returning to it as an ex-G.I., found it fairly daunting in its requirements. Although his small, southern-bred wife and his two boys welcomed the prospect and buckled down to meeting its exigencies courageously, he, not unnaturally, was appalled by the drastic change in the family's living conditions. Mr. Banning has written of the first years' saga with a kind of brash cheerfulness, and the courage in this young family's story scarcely needs to be emphasised. That kind of pluck is universal and can be recognised wherever it shines, but, for the rest, this seemed to me to be a purely local story and its application purely regional.

SINGLE TO ROME (Wingate. 12s. 6d.) could be called "another escape story," and so it is, except for the difference that makes every account of human enterprise, initiative and resourcefulness a story on its own. Wing-Commander E. Garrad-Cole was shot down in the Western Desert in 1940, and between there and Rome, where he was on hand to welcome the Americans, made many unsuccessful attempts at escape from a desert fortress, prison camps and even an Italian liner. His story was bravely lived and is told with a brisk kind of understatement.

The contemporary novels this week are concerned respectively with physical hazards and the vicissitudes of physical passion. STORM (Collins. 8s. 6d.) is Mr. Fitzgerald O'Connor's story of a fishing-boat off the Western Isles. The crew of four men, the bitter northern seas and the battle between the human element and the weather make an unfailingly dramatic picture, with which Mr. O'Connor is familiar, and which he paints in strong, simple terms. He is less successful with his delineation of character and the differing pasts that have made his men what they are in the face of danger. But the storm takes over the fortunes of the little ship and the book itself.

GRETTA (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.) is Mr. Erskine Caldwell's new novel about a personable young woman in a small American city, who works on a dull secretarial job, lives alone in a shabby room and counts a visit to the movies as a rare pleasure. She is bitterly, and for a time seems hopelessly, lonely until one evening she visits a bar and picks up the first of a series of men with whom she finds temporary companionship. One of them, a doctor at the local hospital, marries her, and in their real and mutual love the young woman thinks she has found the answer, complete and secure, to all her instability. But her urge towards promiscuity is too strong and, in a matter of months, her husband has committed suicide and she is back on the same sordid round. A depressing story, in spite of Mr. Caldwell's compassionate treatment and his almost compulsive readability.

The next three books are collections of short stories, of which the first is Mr. Noel Blakiston's MEN OF LETTERS (Chapman and Hall. 9s. 6d.), a mannerly and ironic series of tales all concerned with publishers, authors, clubmen and directors of galleries. Even violence, as in the fourth story, is subdued to the literary attitude, and the general effect is one of scholarly moderation.

PICK OF TO-DAY'S SHORT STORIES (Putnam. 12s. 6d.) is the sixth of a series chosen and edited by Mr. John Pudney, who has, in his own words, "applied the fairly humble test of what was memorable, what was entertaining, what was agreeably written, and what was neither sententious nor verbose." The result is twenty-eight short stories, the greater part of them by new writers, and all of them worthy of serious consideration.

ABRAM BROWN (Trianon. 12s. 6d.) contains only two stories, in addition to the title story, and this small and esoteric group of Mr. Richard Phibbs's work has illustrations by Mr. Phillipe Jullian.

MAYA WAYS

A Reconstruction of an Ancient Civilisation

In approximately 500 B.C. the great agricultural civilisations of Middle America began to emerge, all on much the same cultural level and with essentially the same religion. Maya civilisation continued to the period of Mexican absorption in the sixteenth century, and ended with the Spanish conquest of Guatemala in 1525 and of Yucatan in 1541. Professor J. Eric Thompson, who has spent a quarter of a century on investigating the vast canvas of the Maya period, has now produced a fascinating exposition of his finds and findings.

In THE RISE AND FALL OF MAYA CIVILISATION (Gollancz. 21s.) the Professor has, in part, given a strictly factual presentation and, in part, resorted to a fictional form, bringing together a series of vignettes of Maya life "in an effort to give quickening colour to the dead past." Before publication, the Professor declares, "I submitted one of these sketches to a well-known anthropologist who was inexpressibly shocked at the mingling of fiction with science." The majority of readers will, no doubt, be delighted rather than shocked by the Professor's expedient, particularly in regard to his wonderful chapter on the novice at the sacrificial ceremony, his sketch of Ah Haleb, the master architect at Chichen Itza, his account of Maya marriage customs, not to mention their unique philosophising on the subject of time. No one could have succeeded better than Professor Thompson in bringing close such a strange and remote civilisation as the Maya.

Comment has often been made on Germany's eagerness to build up a case which sheds glory upon her arms and is so presented that it is not lost upon the rising generation. Kurt Weyher, who commanded the German auxiliary cruiser *Orion* on her remarkable round-the-world voyage as the black raider of the seven seas, and his co-author Hans Jürgen Ehrlich, have produced a most dramatic book. From the moment when the heavily disguised *Orion* broke the British blockade and, under a camouflaged superstructure, sailed out on her dangerous mission to the moment when all the ships in German-held Bordeaux saluted her return, everything was put to the hazard. At any moment a hit upon *Orion's* unprotected hull would have sent her sky high, and it was found necessary on her world voyage to change her appearance at least half a dozen times, from Dutch to Russian, from Russian to Greek, and to other identities. *Orion* successfully carried out her mission of mining the entrance to Auckland Harbour and did much else besides, including sinking the British ship *Turakina*. THE BLACK RAIDER (Elek Books. 16s.) concludes with a message from Commander Weyher, couched in unexceptionable terms and in accordance with the highest traditions of the sea. One cannot, however, on concluding the book, help returning to the thought of what a magnificent face Germany is putting upon the war of 1939–45.

Rupert Furneaux has certainly found himself a niche for life with his self-appointed role of reporter of current crime year by year. FAMOUS CRIMINAL CASES II (Allan Wingate. 12s. 6d.) recalls crime in 1954, a year of "unusual interest," according to the author. The New Zealand girl murderers perhaps prove the most callous young ladies of modern times by putting to death the mother of one of them with the aid of a brick wielded in a woman's stocking. Mr. Furneaux finds no lack of material for this second volume. The Wheeler-Vivian shooting, the Welsh farm murder, and the Manchester killing by the use of that unusual weapon the motor-car provide the highlights. Mr Furneaux rounds off his volume with a short and somewhat alarming account of the unsolved mysteries in our midst, most notable among them the Stratford murder of April 1954.

Frontispiece for Volume II is a portrait of Gwilym Lloyd-George who, as Home Secretary, has had to bear alone the burden of some very hard decisions.

There is nothing more romantic in distant prospect than the life of a French Legionnaire. There is nothing harsher than the grim reality of it. Colin John, a former gunnery officer in the Eighth Army in North Africa, had all the necessary qualifications for signing on with the Legion when, as a man with nothing to lose, he enlisted for five years. NOTHING TO LOSE (Cassell. 15s.) he accordingly makes the title of his book, in which he describes his experiences from early days at Sidi Bel-Abbes to the climax of his soldiering at Dien Bien Phu, on the last lap of the struggle in Indo-China. Colin John writes in the ready vernacular of the soldier, and with simple directness reveals the kind of men with whom he worked, fought and suffered. Here is a memorable piece of reporting with the authentic touch.

A Swede in the Dutch Forest Service, Eric Lundqvist, a Muslim by religion, who has spent many years in the East and is married to a Javanese, writes with deep understanding of the Indonesian and Papuan peoples. IN EASTERN FORESTS (Robert Hale. 18s.) is a record, absorbing in its detail, of his experiences in Indonesia, both in peace and war. The dignity with which Indonesians faced the tribulations of Japanese occupation is not the least moving feature of this excellent book of reminiscences.

THE LIBRARY AND PICTURE COLLECTION OF THE PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY (Richards Press. 25s.) is an admirably illustrated survey of the archives, books and pictures preserved by this most important body. Bertram Stewart, Librarian to the Authority, is the author and he includes a series of plates in half-tone and full colour.

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. . . now that you've said GOOD-BYE

The Flying Dutchman—K.L.M. Airlines

Even to-day, there are amongst us those whose best friend or a well-loved relation has begun journeying to a far-away destination. For some, it may be transitory ; for others, a long term of duty . . . it may even last a life-time. *Think of the people who, probably now, are thinking of you . . . of how much THEY would appreciate a weekly token from Britain*—The SPHERE ! A subscription to this great paper is a thoughtful and kindly gift of remembrance and affection to send *any*one overseas.

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Round and about with the 'little Red Vans'

RIFT VALLEY ESCARPMENT, KENYA.

From a painting by Lulu Dyer of Limuru, Kenya, whose work has attracted so much attention in Africa.

Africa is not so dark nowadays

The cool Highlands of Kenya tower 2,000 feet above the dry barren floor of the Great Rift Valley. Connecting the two, runs a long winding road built by Italian prisoners of war from Abyssinia. On the sun-lit plain below, the nomadic Masai still graze their herds as in centuries past. Although their principal diet is unchanged–cow's blood and milk–it is now supplemented by tea and sugar brought from the lonely little trading posts in the Great Rift Valley.

And to those trading posts, down that long winding road, past giant Candelabra trees and through thick forest where lurk scattered Mau Mau gangs, the little red Brooke Bond van takes regular supplies of fresh tea and coffee. It is playing its part in bringing civilization to a fast awakening Continent.

Brooke Bond has its own fleet of Sales Vans, covering most of East, Central and South Africa, supplying factory-fresh stocks of Brooke Bond tea and coffee to dealers of all races and colours.

In Africa, as in Britain, and indeed wherever tea is drunk, they know that Brooke Bond stands for good tea–and fresh tea! That is why the little red vans are always so busy at home and abroad.

* * *

Brooke Bond have thousands of acres of their own tea gardens–more than any other firm of tea distributors in the world–with their own buyers in all the big world tea markets.

Over 100 million cups of Brooke Bond tea are drunk every day in various parts of the world.

Brooke Bond

good tea - and FRESH!

Gather 'Wild Flowers' . . .

In each packet of 'Choicest' and 'Edglets' you will find one of the 'Wild Flowers' picture card series by John Markham, F.R.P.S.

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